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In the pink and white

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Yet, as in all growing under glass, there are still serious hazards. Mosaic disease and spot mildew. Buck eye and spotted wilt. Red spider and tomato moth. And, in the warm soil itself, nematodes—deadly eelworms almost invisible to the eye, so insidious that they can be accidentally brought into the glasshouse in the mud on a worker's boot, carried in countless thousands in a single gallon of water from an infested stream. Nematodes, both the Root-Knot eelworm (*Meloidogyne incognita*) and the Potato Root eelworm (*Heterodera rostochiensis*), are serious pests of the tomato—as they are of many valuable world crops—and for years growers had to resort to laborious and expensive soil sterilisation with steam to keep them in check.

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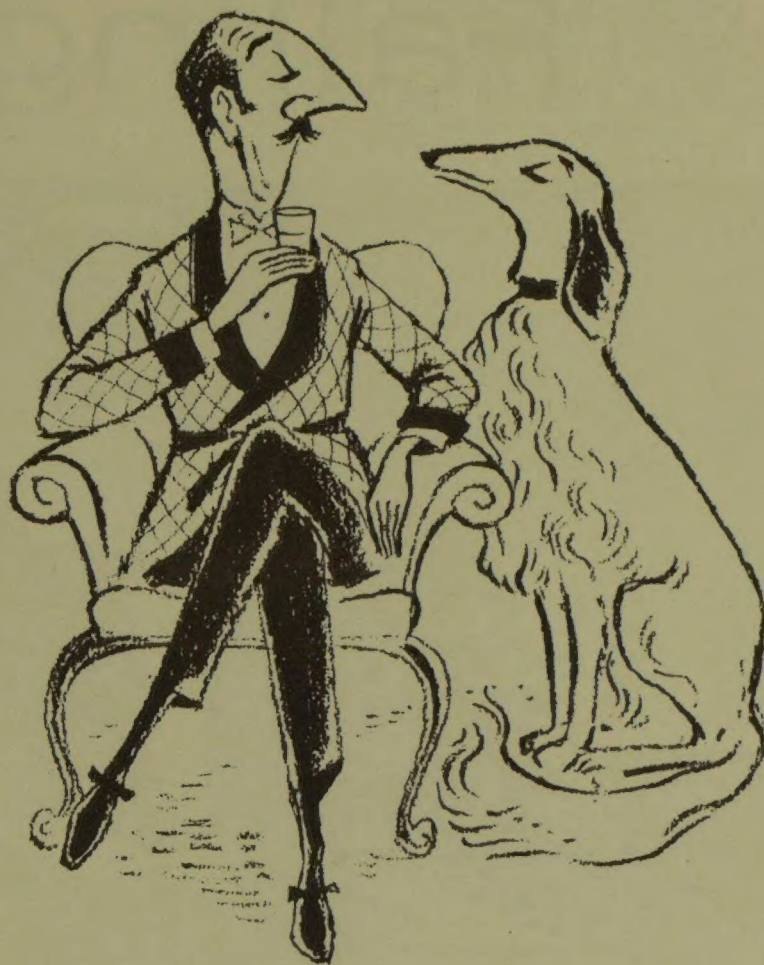
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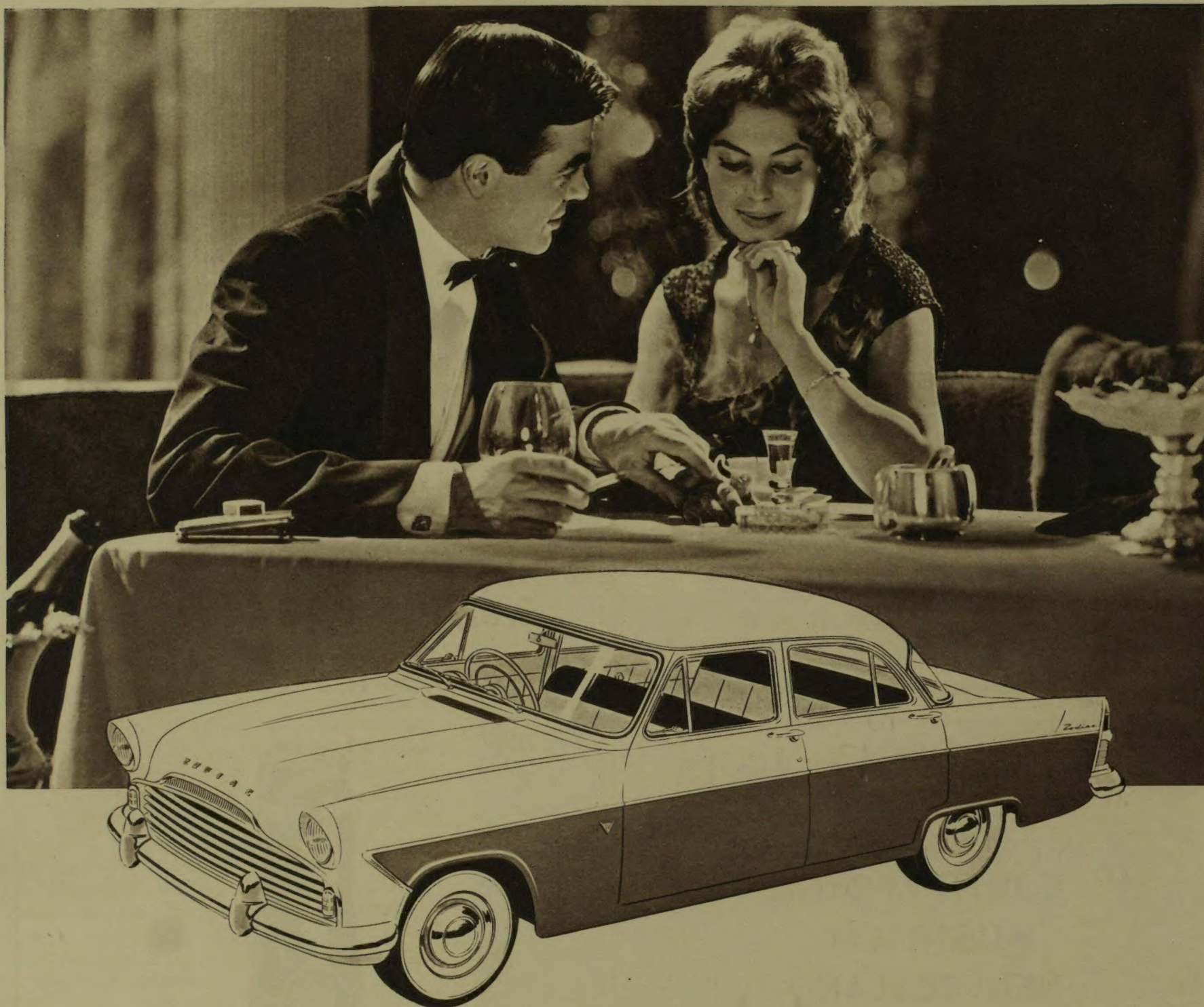
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1959.



RIDING IN TRIUMPH THROUGH HAVANA : DR. FIDEL CASTRO ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERING CROWDS AS HE ENTERED THE CAPITAL.

Dr. Fidel Castro, whose revolutionary movement brought about the flight from Cuba of the country's former dictator, President Batista, at the New Year, received a hero's welcome from the people of Havana when he entered the capital on January 8. As he rode through the streets on a motor vehicle, closely guarded by some of his armed supporters, thousands of people of all ages lined the route to cheer and wave to him. Following Dr. Castro was a procession of bearded rebel veterans, riding in an assortment of lorries, buses and cars. Aircraft flew overhead, a 21-gun salute was fired from a naval

ship, and also in Havana harbour was the small vessel in which Dr. Castro and his small expeditionary force had landed in Cuba in 1956. Dr. Castro's entry into the capital came as the climax to his journey across Cuba, during which he had been warmly hailed in the towns and villages on the route. Immediately after President Batista's flight, there had been disorder and looting in Havana, but as order was restored, many Cubans exiled under the old régime returned to the island. On Jan. 12, 71 Cubans—said to have worked for the Batista régime—were executed by the revolutionaries near Santiago.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HEAVY road traffic, we are warned, is endangering the fabric of York Minster and, if drastic steps are not taken within the next few years to deflect such traffic from the immediate vicinity of the Minster, the noblest Christian and architectural monument of Northern England will become a ruin. Remembering for how many centuries our forbears, with only a fraction of our technical resources, have preserved and handed down this great cultural and historical heirloom, the extent of our own barbarism and robbery of posterity seems appalling. Our generation has no excuse for committing such a waste on the national inheritance; as a result of our grandparents' thrift and industry we possess a railway system capable, with proper management, of handling most of the heavy goods we need to transport from one part of the country to another, and we are able to travel with a speed and ease unknown to our hard-working forefathers who created and left to us so many more things of lasting worth than we appear likely to leave to our children and children's children. Our selfishness in this respect will seem, I suspect, almost unbelievable to posterity; in order that we may travel at an ever faster rate, we are prepared, it seems, to sacrifice everything that gets in the way of speed. Whether anything of comparable value to that which has been sacrificed is done with the time saved by speeding is never considered; like the Gadarene swine we rush from place to place at an ever accelerating pace, toppling down the works of ages as we do so, without a thought for the purpose of it all. Human life is too brief to be frittered away in this way; what will posterity say of us when they come to reckon how our days were spent compared with the lives of our forbears who used them to build Salisbury Cathedral spire and King's College, Cambridge? All we shall have to show is a mileage chart and a trail of ruin.

The time has come, I would suggest, to re-think and re-plan our national transport system *de novo*. The wherewithal to reconstruct it is there—railroad tracks, trains, roads, automobiles, airfields, aircraft, navigable rivers, canals and barges. But the intellectual mechanism with which to do so is lacking, for the Ministry of Transport, to which in theory the task is entrusted, seems completely incapable of either thought or idealism. It even connives at the unnecessary death and maiming on the highways of more than a hundred thousand persons every year. The first thing to decide is not how fast we require to travel, but what the purpose of human existence is and what we ought to do with it. And having agreed—if we do so agree—that men need homes in which to live and raise families; fields and woods and factories in which to create the material means of existence, and churches and schools, public buildings and parks in which to inculcate the spiritual and social virtues without which men cannot live together in organised societies at all, we shall then, and only then, be in a position to plan a transport system which, without interfering with or destroying any of these fundamental assets, will enable man to travel from place to place with the maximum of comfort, enjoyment and ease. Speed I would include in the word ease; for, except as a physical sensation or a form of competition, speed has no human value unless, and so

far as, it eases man's lot. A man who travels, for instance, at a hundred miles an hour between two places 400 miles apart but is so exhausted on arrival that he cannot work for the next eight hours is four hours worse off than the man who, covering the distance at only 50 miles an hour, arrives at his destination with his faculties and energies unimpaired and is able as a result to start working the moment he reaches it. This is a calculation which is nearly always ignored by those who compile statistics showing the amount of time wasted by impediments to fast travel.



THE BEGINNING OF PRESIDENT DE GAULLE'S TERM: THE GENERAL, IN UNIFORM, SAYS FAREWELL TO HIS PREDECESSOR, M. COTY, AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE ON JANUARY 8.

The ceremony of transfer of the French Presidential authority from M. Coty to General de Gaulle took place at the Elysée on the morning of January 8; and General Catroux, Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, placed the Gold Collar of the Order round General de Gaulle's neck. In the afternoon the new President, who had been in morning dress, changed to uniform and drove with M. Coty to the Champs Elysées for the ceremony of rekindling the flame on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The new President then returned to the Elysée Palace, while M. Coty, his term of office over, drove to Le Havre and private life.

Having thought out our traffic system, and priorities, having decided what kind of goods and vehicles should travel by road, rail, air or canal, our next business should be to regulate that traffic. Here, despite our costly Ministry of Transport, we seem to be almost totally deficient. Our railways, inheriting a system left us by our parents and grandparents, are reasonably well regulated, with a graded hierarchy of scores of thousands of workers who ensure that our trains travel with a maximum of convenience and certainty and a minimum of danger and interference to the travelling public and the country at large. This certainly cannot be said of our roads. Here the rule is free for all and the Devil take the hindmost—*laissez-faire* in its most extreme, wasteful and mutually destructive form. Now the British people have always,

and rightly, valued personal liberty and, in the course of centuries of trial and error, have evolved a polity based on giving the maximum degree of personal liberty and freedom of choice to all its members. But a century-and-a-half ago they attempted in the industrial sphere to achieve personal liberty and freedom of choice without the ordered regulation and control which in the constitutional sphere they had found to be essential to prevent liberty from degenerating into licence and anarchy. The result was disastrous, disastrous to human happiness and, in the end, disastrous to human liberty; socialism and communism, with all that they imply in the way of restriction and dictatorship, are the direct and inevitable consequences of that attempt. To-day we are trying, though in many respects too late, to remedy the defect of a century of industrial *laissez-faire*. Yet over our highways we are following the same fatal precedent. The result is chaos, a ghastly waste of life and a far vaster waste of temper and nervous energy. Human nature being what it is, liberty to work in society requires a framework of discipline: not discipline for its own sake, but discipline for preserving the liberties of all. A motor vehicle capable of travelling at 80 miles an hour ought no more to be allowed to do so outside a circumscribed and carefully controlled track than a railway-train capable of travelling at 80-miles an hour; and pedestrians and other traffic ought no more to be expected or allowed to cross such a track than they are expected or allowed to cross the main line of, say, the old Great Northern Railway. And except where such properly regulated conditions prevail, drivers of motor vehicles ought to be forbidden to travel at any but low speeds or even, in certain circumstances—like those that prevail in the immediate vicinity of York Minster—to travel at all. In the same way, motor vehicles ought no more to be allowed to park themselves at will along the highways than trains are permitted to halt and wait wherever their drivers choose. However insistent the individual motorist or owner of commercial motor vehicles may be on his supposed rights to leave his vehicle wherever and for so long as he pleases on street or highway, such "rights" are incompatible with the public interest and with a safe and efficient system of national transport. In London and many of our larger cities, if the present increase in the volume of motor traffic continues for another year or two, it will be impossible in the middle of the day to move at all. Even to-day in many streets in the West End

of London motors are not only permitted to park along either side of the roadway but in the middle of it as well. The Police, who are most unfairly expected to regulate road traffic on top of all their other duties, are naturally incapable of dealing with the situation. The way has been pointed by the City of Nottingham, which has put forward a proposal for recruiting a special Force of traffic regulators to relieve the Police of such duties and to enforce whatever traffic rules the City authority imposes in the interests of the community as a whole. In other words, the highway, it is proposed, should be controlled and served in the same way as the railways by men trained and directed for this sole purpose. It is difficult to see how chaos can ever be supplanted by order on our roads until this has been done.



AT THE DESK OF OUSTED DICTATOR BATISTA: TWO CUBAN REBELS MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME.

SHORTLY after President Batista's flight from Cuba, Dr. Manuel Urrutia was proclaimed provisional President, Dr. Castro, whose revolutionary movement had ousted Batista, being only thirty-two and too young to take office as President. Dr. Urrutia arrived in Havana on Jan. 5, and one of his first acts was to lift martial law, imposed shortly before, following violence, looting and a general strike in the capital. On January 6 he dissolved Congress, announced rule by Cabinet, and said there would be elections within eighteen months. He also announced the dismissal of all governors, mayors and aldermen. The new Cabinet was sworn in, Señor José Miro Cardona having been named Prime Minister. The new Cuban Government was quickly recognised by the United States, Britain and France, and recognition by the Soviet Union was also soon reported. While there was no doubt about the massive support in Cuba for Dr. Castro, there were reports of conflict within the rebel movement, arising from the demands of the group known as the Revolutionary Directorate for a voice in the new Government. Dr. Castro was reported to desire friendly relations with Britain, in spite of Britain's recent sale of arms to Gen. Batista. Errol Flynn, slightly wounded during the Cuban revolution, was said to be making a good recovery.

(Right.)

DR. CASTRO, CENTRE, WITH DR. URRUTIA, TO HIS RIGHT, AT THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.

AFTER DR. CASTRO'S ARRIVAL: VARIED POST-REVOLUTION SCENES IN HAVANA.



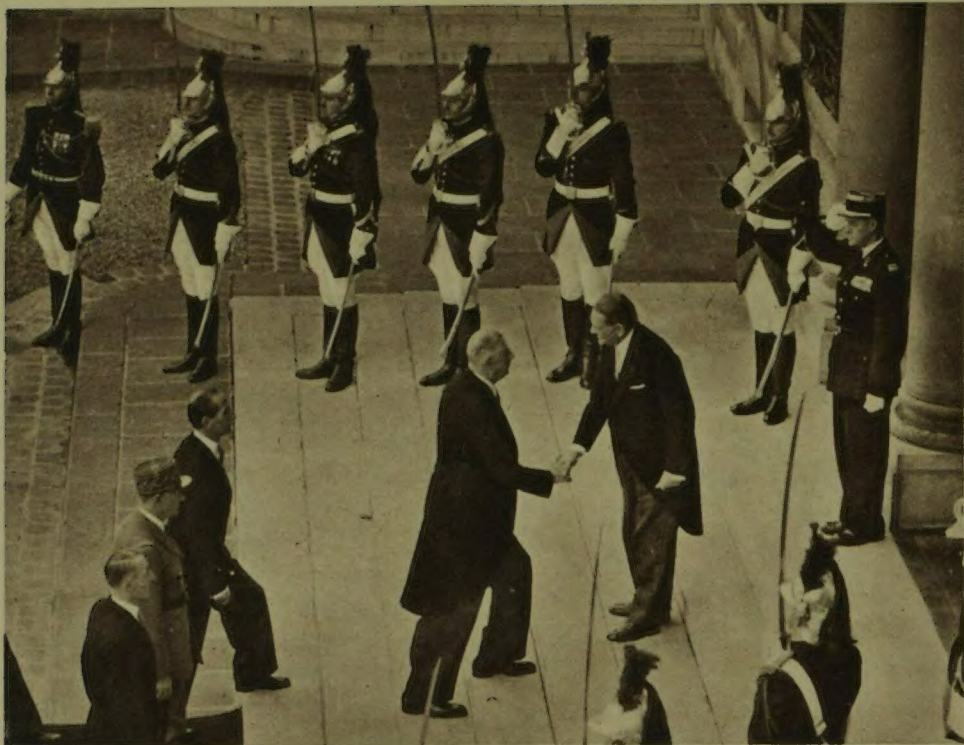
AT CAMP COLUMBIA ARMY H.Q.: H. BATISTA, BROTHER OF THE FORMER DICTATOR (WEARING A REBEL ARMBAND), IS TOLD BY MAJ. CIENFUEGOS (CENTRE) THERE ARE NO CHARGES AGAINST HIM.



FIDEL CASTRO, JUNIOR, SON OF THE REBEL LEADER, RIDES INTO HAVANA ON A TANK ON THE DAY OF HIS FATHER'S TRIUMPHANT ARRIVAL THERE.



DR. FIDEL CASTRO AND DR. MANUEL URRUTIA, THE PROVISIONAL CUBAN PRESIDENT, AT THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE ON JANUARY 8, THE DAY DR. CASTRO ENTERED THE CAPITAL.



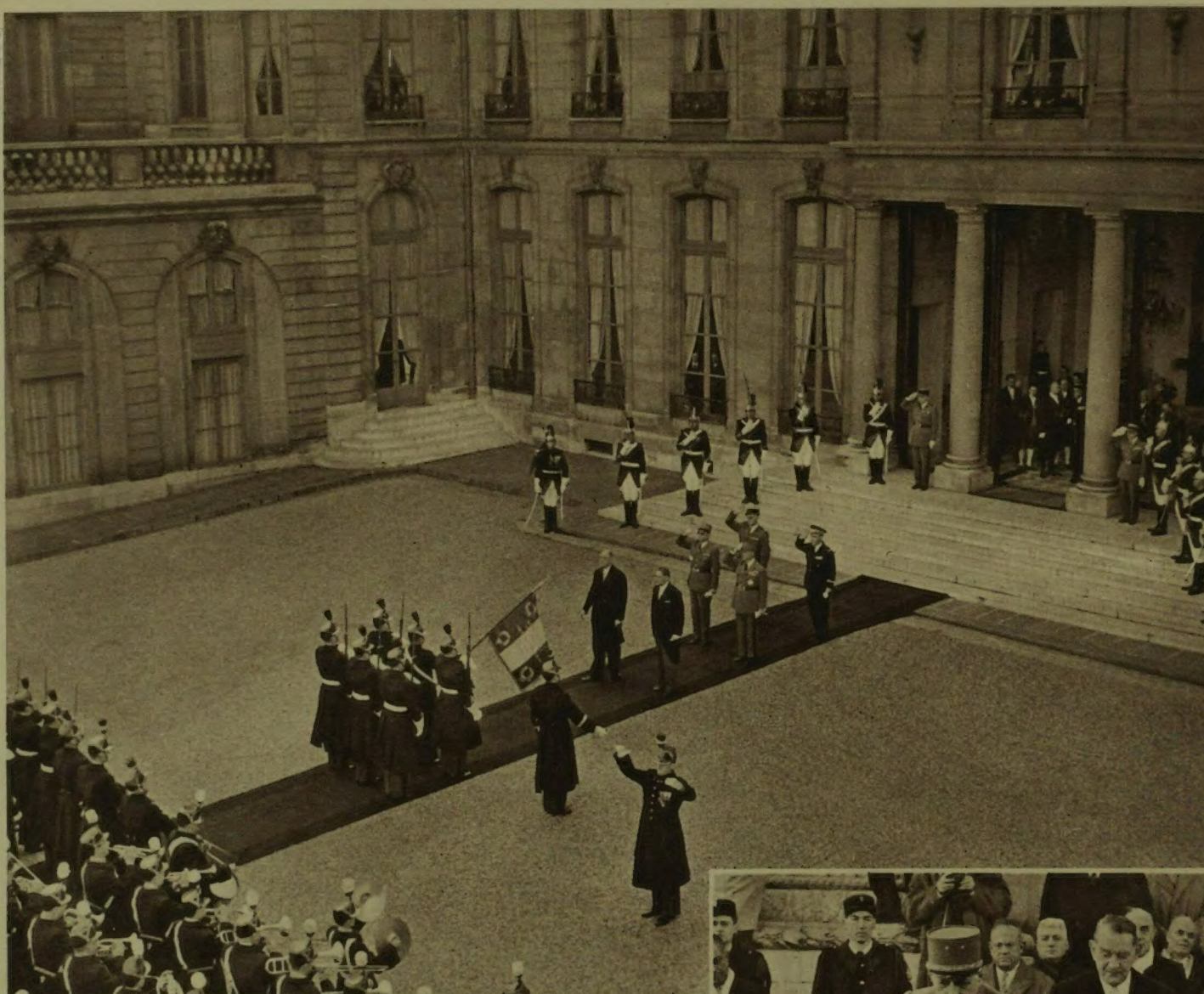
ONE PRESIDENT SUCCEEDETH ANOTHER: GENERAL DE GAULLE, IN MORNING DRESS, GREETED BY THE RETIRING PRESIDENT COTY ON THE STEPS OF THE ELYSEE PALACE.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT DE GAULLE: CEREMONIES IN PARIS.



IN THE COURT OF HONOUR OF THE ELYSEE PALACE: THE GENERAL AND M. COTY STAND AT ATTENTION BEFORE THE COLOUR OF THE REPUBLICAN GUARD.

ON January 8 there took place in Paris the ceremonies attendant on the inauguration of General de Gaulle as first President of the Fifth Republic. In an impressive ceremony in the Elysée Palace, the official residence of the Head of State, General de Gaulle (in morning dress) and President Coty, last President of the Fourth Republic, stood side by side as the Presidential election results were read out by Maître Cassia. Next, M. Coty spoke with slow emphasis in a tribute to General de Gaulle, "round whom the people of France, superficially so divided, had rediscovered their profound unity." Then General de Gaulle, now first speaking as President, spoke, and after emphasising the importance of the new links between France and Africa, concluded, "Long live the community, long live France, long live the Republic." In the afternoon both Presidents, the new and the retiring, drove to the Arc de Triomphe for the ceremony of the relighting of the flame at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

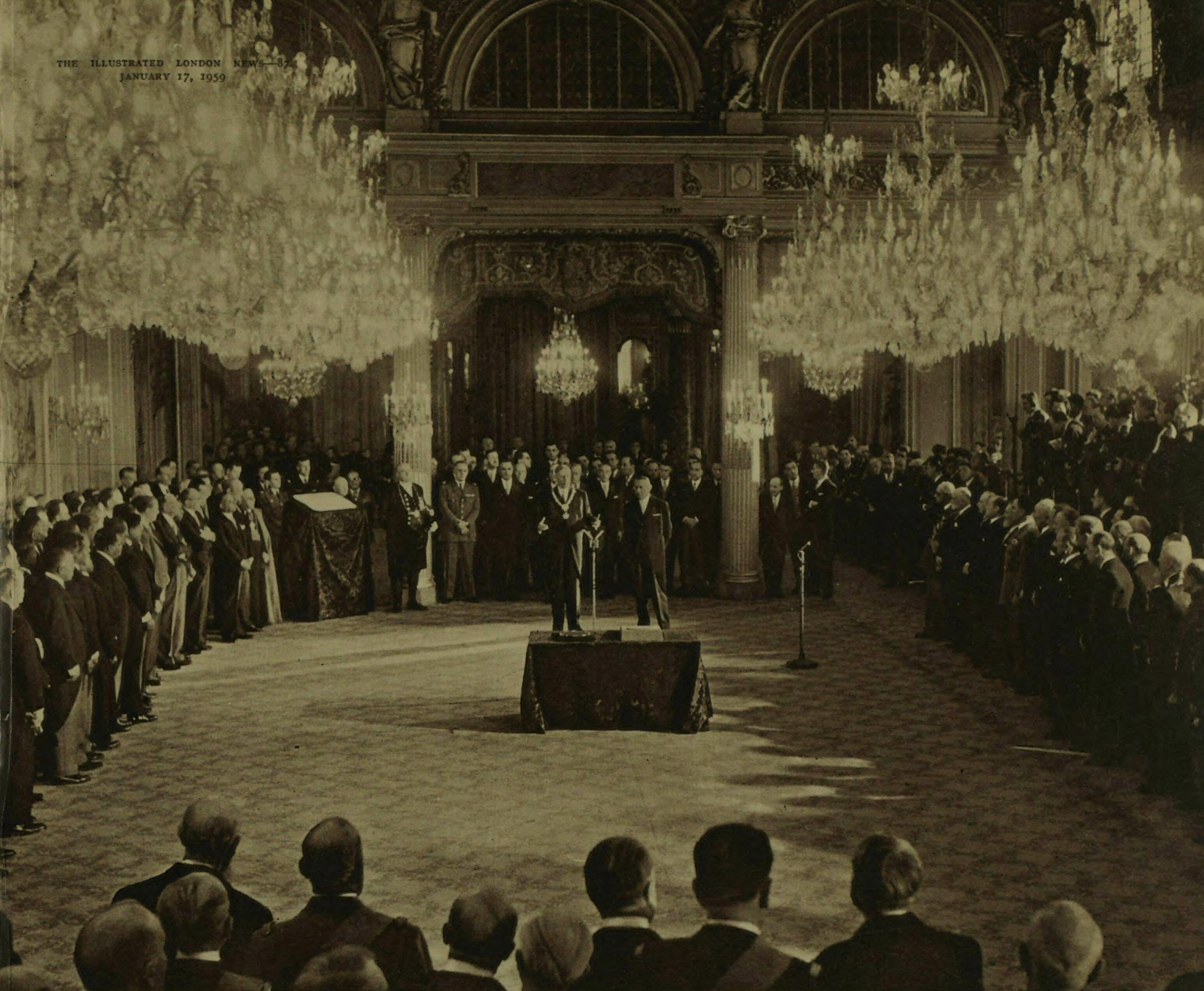


(Above.) AT THE CEREMONIES ATTENDING THE INAUGURATION OF GENERAL DE GAULLE AS PRESIDENT OF THE FIFTH REPUBLIC: THE SALUTE OF THE COLOUR OF THE REPUBLICAN GUARD.

(Left.) ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE INAUGURATION DAY: GENERAL DE GAULLE AND FORMER PRESIDENT COTY DRIVE TO THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

(Right.) PRESIDENT DE GAULLE RELIGHTS THE FLAME AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.





"IN THE MAJESTIC CHARACTER OF THIS CEREMONY, THE RENOVATED INSTITUTIONS OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE NEW INSTITUTIONS OF THE COMMUNITY ENTER INTO FORCE": PRESIDENT DE GAULLE SPEAKING AT THE CEREMONY OF HIS INAUGURATION AT THE ELYSEE PALACE.



THE NEWLY-APPOINTED FRENCH GOVERNMENT: (FRONT ROW, L. TO R.) M. ANTOINE PINAY (FINANCE); M. JEAN BERTHOIN (INTERIOR); M. EDMOND MICHELET (JUSTICE); M. ROBERT LECOURT (MINISTER OF STATE); M. FELIX HOUPHOUET-BOIGNY (MINISTER OF STATE); M. MICHEL DEBRE (PREMIER); PRESIDENT DE GAULLE; M. JACQUES SOUSTELLE (MINISTER ATTACHED TO THE PRIME MINISTER); M. LOUIS JACQUINOT (MINISTER OF STATE); M. ANDRE MALRAUX (MINISTER OF STATE); M. MAURICE COUVE DE MURVILLE (FOREIGN AFFAIRS); M. PIERRE GUILLAUMAT (ARMED FORCES); M. ANDRE BOULLOCHE (EDUCATION). (BACK ROW, L. TO R.) M. MICHEL BOKANOWSKY (STATE SECRETARY); M. JOSEPH FONTANET (STATE SECRETARY); M. PIERRE CHATENAY (STATE SECRETARY); M. ROGER FREY (INFORMATION); M. RAYMOND TRIBOULET (EX-SERVICEMEN); M. BERNARD CHENOT (PUBLIC HEALTH); M. ROGER HOUDET (AGRICULTURE); M. ROBERT BURON (PUBLIC WORKS); M. J.-M. JEANNENEY (INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE); M. PAUL BACON (LABOUR); M. PIERRE SUDREAU (HOUSING); M. BERNARD CORNUT-GENTILE (POSTS AND TELEGRAPHS); MLE. N. SID-CARA (STATE SECRETARY, MOSLEM AFFAIRS); M. MAX FLECHET (STATE SECRETARY); M. V. GASCARD D'ESTAING (STATE SECRETARY).

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT DE GAULLE; AND THE GOVERNMENT OF M. DEBRE.

The first political act of President de Gaulle was to call on M. Michel Debré to form a Government on January 8. By the evening of the same day this was complete, M. Debré had submitted his list, and the President had approved it and formally appointed M. Debré Prime Minister. M. Debré is Jewish,

a loyal Gaullist, with a fine resistance record and trained as a lawyer. His Government is very like that of General de Gaulle, but contains no Socialists (except for one who has never been a parliamentarian). M. Soustelle will have general responsibilities for overseas territories, the Sahara and atomic energy.

THE decision of the British Government to revoke the constitution of Malta has been brought about by an impasse typical of our times. The dispute is in no sense a tragedy, yet, like many others of its kind, it bears within it some seeds of potential tragedy. The arrangements announced are due to be put into effect next March and require legislation in this country. Control is to pass to a Governor's Council. This will include representatives of the Maltese people as well as officials, but they will be chosen by nomination, not election, and it is improbable that any of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. MALTA AND THE ROLE OF NATIONALISM

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

"close association" of Malta with Britain. The Governor, Sir Robert Laycock, stated clearly that the responsibility for its refusal—and the consequent breakdown in the conversations—was that of Mr. Mintoff, leader of the Labour Party. There can be little doubt that this is correct or that Mr. Mintoff himself would dispute it. At the same time it must be noted that the National Party has no liking for the interim scheme. Mr. Mintoff's demand, the Governor said, was for complete independence immediately, and, when asked whether he accepted the consequences of cutting all ties with Britain, he replied that he was prepared to do so.

They would be, in short, the termination of every benefit that Malta has gained from her association with Britain: loss of substantial aid and preferences for Maltese goods, withdrawal from the island of the forces and the defence installations, abandonment of the dockyard without conversion. In addition, a considerable indirect British expenditure would cease. Sir Robert Laycock went on to put it that the action of the British Government had been strongly influenced by concern for the Maltese people in view of the fact that a quarter of the labour force was employed directly by the British so that heavy unemployment would be the immediate consequence of this severance of the ties between Malta and the United Kingdom.

I have said that the breakdown came only in December. I must add that Malta has been run by emergency

recognition of the benefits they confer. These benefits are directly concerned with industry, trade, and finance, but it is now widely realised that they tend also to bring friendship and harmony to the nations involved. At the same time nationalism is particularly strident and unrealistic in a world which, by and large, would seem to require less of

it rather than more. One feature of this sentiment is the demand in small communities that teaching, especially in universities, shall be "truly national," which often means that the study of history, economics, and other subjects is to be deliberately framed to fit the aspirations of nationalism.

This amounts to distortion of education, which, thus manipulated, ceases to be directed to its true aim, the search for verity, and may be diverted from the broad channels through which educated young people are nurtured into others which are barren and unprofitable. It also tends to keep out of appointments the best scholars in favour of second-raters more amenable to direction and prepared to follow the official line. I am not here concerned with the problem as to whether or not teaching has become too specialised. That with which I am concerned is its harnessing, in general or special forms, to nationalism. No one who follows the subject can deny that this is going on now. In some cases those who have been endeavouring to bring it about have made no secret of their aims.

Nor am I discussing the desire for neutrality or "non-commitment" in the major ideological conflict by which the world is rent. This is one factor in the campaigns of small communities to set up for themselves. It is respectable, and I leave aside the question as to whether or not it is wise. The greatest dangers of nationalism appear to me to lie in an irrational yearning for the ideal for its own sake and readiness to sacrifice every consideration of friendship and mutual interest in order to attain it. And, alongside the successful or potentially successful struggles to this end, we see those supported by small minorities, forms of nationalism which would clearly be so damaging that there is at present no likelihood of their being established, but none the less an unhappy influence.



THE CREW AND GONDOLA OF *THE SMALL WORLD*: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING PRELIMINARY TESTS AT CARDINGTON, TO SHOW THE CATAMARAN-LIKE SHAPE OF THE GONDOLA.

The voyage of *The Small World* from Tenerife to Barbados was accomplished on January 5 after starting on December 12, 1800 miles by air, 1200 miles by water. The gondola, which was designed by Mr. Arnold Eiloart, was built of expanded polystyrene reinforced and coated with a "Terylene" laminating fabric. "Terylene" was also used in the construction of the balloon and of the ropes.

the leading politicians will be among them. The intention at present is that this state of affairs, an interim arrangement, shall last for about a year.

The British Government has come to the conclusion that no good purpose would be served by continuing negotiations at present. The breakdown of the talks in progress at the end of last year is considered a complete bar to agreement, but only as regards this last phase. Talks will be renewed at some future time, unspecified because obviously unknown. Britain will, however, continue and develop the support given to Malta without any break. This includes not only the conversion of the dockyard to civilian use but offers to business managements for the setting up of new industries, on favourable terms. One element which we must take it would be present in such terms is exemption from taxation for a preliminary period. Firms will have to consider such projects in the light of the probable future of Malta.

The constitution offered last month was one of self-government with British control of defence, external affairs, and the independence of the police and public service. The offer was based on the



THE CREW OF *THE SMALL WORLD* GIVEN A HEROES' WELCOME IN BARBADOS, AS THEY WERE DRIVEN THROUGH THE STREETS OF BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS. (L. TO R.) MR. COLIN MUDIE, MRS. MUDIE, MR. TIMOTHY EILOART, AND HIS FATHER, MR. ARNOLD EILOART.

As briefly reported in our last issue, *The Small World* arrived at Barbados on January 5. The balloon had been jettisoned at about 1800 miles from Tenerife and the rest of the voyage had been made in the specially-designed gondola. About 4 miles from Barbados, the commander, Mr. A. Eiloart, accepted a tow from a fishing vessel. The crew were a little the worse for wear on arrival but soon recovered.

measures since last spring, when Mr. Mintoff resigned, also that constant mutterings of storm have been heard from his quarter. He is a man of great vigour, who can apparently arouse high enthusiasm in his adherents, but like many men of his type who enter politics, difficult to deal with. This is not intended as a reproach. To-day representatives of peoples seeking the fullest enjoyment of sovereignty may make more or less sail, but it is above all the tide of nationalism that moves their craft and their part is often smaller than they realise.

Our time is witnessing, despite prejudice, jealousy, and the power of bureaucracy, an increase in the links between nations brought about by

My own view of these problems is simple. I do not see how it is possible to-day to refuse self-government in the fullest sense, or even eventual severance from the State previously exercising control, to any community which demands it and which has reached a reasonable standard of maturity. I do, however, consider, that the brake must sometimes be used. The first justification seems to be when immediate concurrence with the demands of nationalism from a relatively small majority would lead to calamity for all. This is what Sir Robert Laycock has stated would happen in Malta were the demands of Mr. Mintoff to be met immediately. Finally, if after "liberation" the community should coolly solicit support in the capacity of a backward people, I think claimants who had followed a less extreme course should have prior consideration.

The demand for a right ought not to be refused, but it may be inexpedient for both sides. In this case some of its disadvantages have been revealed by the unstatesmanlike behaviour of liberated nations. Unfortunately, it is not easy for a present or former colonial power to persuade former colonies of the perils of the extreme nationalism of which I have spoken, because its preaching is never regarded as disinterested, and in this country there is now no major prophet, such as H. G. Wells, pleading the cause of unity. I am, however, convinced that it would be a good service on the part of publicists to proclaim the danger of ideas which further separate peoples instead of drawing them together. And I am sure opposition to unbridled nationalism is not an offence against patriotism.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



WALTHAM, MASS., U.S.A. THE PRESIDENT OF TRACERLAB, INC., HOLDING—LEFT—A NEW INEXPENSIVE DEVICE WHICH, FITTED IN RADIO OR TV SETS, GIVES WARNING OF RADIOACTIVITY.



WEST GERMANY. THE EUROPEAN PROFESSIONAL DANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS AT MUNICH: ALF DAVIES (NO. 3) WITH JULY REABY, OF ENGLAND, WINNERS FOR THE 4TH YEAR IN SUCCESSION IN THE CONTEST ON JAN. 7.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ACKNOWLEDGING APPLAUSE AFTER ARRIVING AT THE JOINT SESSION IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES TO GIVE HIS STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE. President Eisenhower, at the beginning of the last session of Congress under his Administration, delivered his annual State of the Union Message to a joint session of the Senate and the House on January 9. Speaking forcefully, he touched on many of America's problems and mentioned the huge sums to be spent on defence.



EL ALAMEIN, EGYPT. ITALIANS RESIDENT IN EGYPT OUTSIDE THE MEMORIAL TO ITALIAN SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE FAMOUS SECOND WORLD WAR BATTLE. THE MEMORIAL WAS UNVEILED BY SIGNOR FANFANI, THE ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER, ON JANUARY 9.



CHICAGO, U.S.A. AN EGG BURSTS ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR CARRYING MR. MIKOYAN FROM MIDWAY AIRPORT AFTER HIS ARRIVAL FROM DETROIT. SOME TWELVE HUNGARIANS DEMONSTRATED.



CHICAGO, U.S.A. MR. MIKOYAN WITH RUSSIAN FOLK DANCERS, WHOSE OPENING NIGHT AT THE CIVIC OPERA HOUSE HE ATTENDED.

During the beginning of his visit to the United States, which was to last about two weeks, Mr. Mikoyan, the Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, had talks with Mr. Dulles and Mr. Nixon. There were hostile demonstrations by Hungarians and others, but Mr. Mikoyan was warmly applauded when he addressed a San Francisco trade association on Jan. 10. He said the Soviet attitude on Berlin had not changed.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



BELGIAN CONGO. AFTER THE RIOTS IN LEOPOLDVILLE—A WRECKED POLICE VEHICLE. Serious disturbances broke out in Léopoldville on January 4, order being restored after two days. Forty-two Africans were reported killed, but one report spoke of 200 African deaths. A Belgian parliamentary commission is to make enquiries. Trouble began when police dispersed a meeting called by Abako, the organisation which seeks immediate self-government for the Congo.



ARMED POLICE FORM A CORDON BETWEEN THE AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN QUARTERS OF LEOPOLDVILLE, AS AFRICANS STAND MENACINGLY IN THE BACKGROUND.



SPANISH COAST. SALVAGE FOR TWO SPANISH TRAWLERS: THE FORMER ROYAL NAVY SUBMARINE *VIRULENT* BEING TOWED INTO PASAJES, NEAR SAN SEBASTIAN. While being towed from Malta to England for breaking up, the submarine *Virulent* broke away from its tug during a storm in the Bay of Biscay and was found by two Spanish trawlers, *Maria Jesus* and *Maria del Coro*, who managed to take the empty vessel in tow about 40 miles off the Spanish coast.



SYDNEY HARBOUR, AUSTRALIA. THE START OF THE 680-MILE SYDNEY-HOBART OCEAN YACHT RACE, SHOWING THE EVENTUAL WINNER *SIANDRA* IN THE FOREGROUND. THIS 36-FT. SLOOP WON BY TWO HOURS ON HANDICAP. THERE WERE TWENTY-TWO STARTERS, AND THE FIRST VESSEL TO CROSS THE FINISHING LINE WAS THE 57-FT. CUTTER *SOLO*.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. U.S.S. *HALIBUT*, THE FIRST NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINE CAPABLE OF FIRING GUIDED MISSILES, ENTERING THE WATER AT VALLEJO. This submarine, the first ever designed from the keel up as a guided-missile carrier, was launched on January 9. She will be of about 2900 tons, about 346 ft. long and will have a water-cooled reactor. Designed to fire the *Regulus I*, she was built at the Mare Island Naval Shipyards.



SPAIN. NEAR THE CHURCH AT RIBADELAGO AFTER THE DISASTER HAD HIT THE VILLAGE. TWENTY MILLION CUBIC FEET OF WATER SWEEPED DOWN THE VALLEY. Disaster hit the tiny Spanish village of Ribadelago on January 9 when a dam burst at a nearby hydro-electric works in the mountains. Trees, rocks and water smashed the village before the alarm could be given. More than 100 of the 500 population are reported missing. Only sixty are known to be safe.



SPAIN. THE REMAINS OF THE SPANISH VILLAGE OF RIBADELAGO, STRUCK AT 4 A.M. ON JANUARY 9 BY A TORRENT FROM A BURST DAM. OVER 100 PEOPLE ARE MISSING. NO ALARM WAS POSSIBLE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



U.S.A. AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE ELEGANT NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE WHICH IS TO BE BUILT NEAR NEW YORK. IT WILL EVENTUALLY HAVE TWELVE LANES AND TWO DECKS. New York's new bridge between Long Island and Staten Island, to be built in the next five years at a cost of £114,285,000, will be one of the most modern in the world. It will have twelve lanes and two decks, and the tallest ships will be able to pass beneath it. Construction will begin in the summer.



ISTANBUL. THE WRECKAGE OF A PRINTING OFFICE BLASTED BY AN EXPLOSION. TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND OVER FIFTY SERIOUSLY INJURED. FIREMEN TACKLE THE BLAZE. A sudden explosion in a printing office in Istanbul on January 6 caused the whole building to collapse on a passing bus. Many adjoining buildings were damaged, including some hotels opposite. Twenty-five people are said to have died. The explosion may have taken place when lead was being melted down.



U.S.A. A UNITED STATES AIR FORCE HERCULES AIRCRAFT DURING ITS ARDUOUS TESTS IN FLORIDA TO QUALIFY FOR ASSAULT TRANSPORT WORK. IT TOOK OFF AND LANDED IN SANDY LOAM. A huge prop-jet troop-and-cargo carrier, the U.S. Air Force Hercules, has just completed a series of rigorous tests designed to qualify it as an "assault transport" aircraft. It sank nearly 2 ft. in the sand while landing and taking-off. The aircraft is manufactured by Lockheed.



ITALY. CARDINAL URBANI, THE SUCCESSOR TO CARDINAL RONCALLI, NOW POPE JOHN XXIII, TRAVELS BY LAUNCH TO TAKE UP HIS POST AS PATRIARCH OF VENICE. HE IS A VENETIAN BY BIRTH, WAS FORMERLY BISHOP OF VERONA, AND IS 58.



ITALY. JUST TO PROVE THAT POLICEMEN CAN HAVE THEIR CAKE AND EAT IT, THIS TRAFFIC POLICEMAN STANDS AMONG THE TRADITIONAL GIFTS OF CHRISTMAS CAKES SENT BY CITY MOTORISTS IN ROME FOR EPIPHANY, JANUARY 6.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



SORPE DAM, WEST GERMANY. A RELIC OF THE FAMOUS "DAM BUSTER" RAID: AN UNEXPLODED 12,000-LB. R.A.F. BOMB, RECENTLY DISCOVERED.



SORPE DAM, WEST GERMANY. RENDERED HARMLESS BY FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT J. WATERS, R.A.F., AND HERR MITZKE, CHIEF BOMB DISPOSAL OFFICER FOR NORTH RHINE-WESTPHALIA. An unexploded bomb dropped on the Sorpe Reservoir in October 1944 was discovered when the reservoir was drained for repairs. It was de-fused in an Anglo-German operation lasting eighty minutes, some 1000 villagers having been evacuated during the proceedings.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. THE U.S. VICE-PRESIDENT, MR. NIXON (RIGHT), SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. MIKOYAN, THE RUSSIAN DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER, BEFORE THEIR TALK ON JANUARY 6.



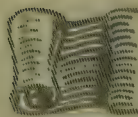
WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. A PIQUANT ASSOCIATION: MR. MIKOYAN WINDOW-SHOPPING IN WASHINGTON OUTSIDE A SHOP ADVERTISING "DR. ZHIVAGO," THE RUSSIAN NOVEL RUSSIA CONDEMNS. During his current unofficial visit to the United States, Mr. Mikoyan, the Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, saw Mr. Dulles on January 5 and Mr. Nixon on January 6. On January 7 he flew to Cleveland for his tour of several cities. A meeting with the President was arranged for January 19.



MOSCOW, RUSSIA. IN THE PLANETARIUM, MOSCOW, WHERE VISITORS ARE HERE SEEN GROUPED UNDER A PICTURE OF THE MOON, LISTENING TO A LECTURE ON SPACE-TRAVEL. On January 7, it was reported in Russia that the Soviet space-rocket had begun its orbit round the sun. It had then covered about 9,000,000 miles since launching; and it was expected to reach its perihelion (point nearest the sun) on Jan. 14. This would be about 90,710,000 miles from the sun, and it would be travelling at about 19.88 miles a second.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. A U.S. NAVAL OFFICER HOLDING A CINE-CAMERA RECOVERED FROM A ROCKET FIRED OVER THE SEA ON DECEMBER 5. THE TWO LENSES CAN BE SEEN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE UNIT.



MASTER AND DISCIPLE.

"JOHNSON AND BOSWELL: THE STORY OF THEIR LIVES." By HESKETH PEARSON.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

IT was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Hesketh Pearson to utilise the great amount of material which has recently been published on Boswell to rewrite the story of his relations with Johnson, and, on the whole, he has succeeded very well. It is true that in places he may prove a little too flippant for all tastes, and he is undoubtedly better on Boswell than on Johnson—if only his old collaborator, Hugh Kingsmill, had lived to write the chapters on the Doctor—but his book is extremely readable, and it may well prove to be the definitive account of the two men in relation to one another.

More than a century ago Carlyle said of Boswell that he "lived no day of his life without doing and saying more than one pretentious ineptitude," but that his "Life of Samuel Johnson" was so superior to the Doctor's own writings that "for some future generation they may be valuable chiefly as Prolegomena and expository Scholia to this *Johnsoniad* of Boswell." Mr. Pearson does not go so far as this, and he is chiefly content with summarising the story of the two men's lives in the light of the available information, though not without an occasional pungent comment of his own. Not that he is under any illusions, especially where Boswell is concerned, and he writes of him as follows:

He was a human chameleon, varying his colour with his company, his nature with his notions. He said that it was possible to become a character merely by wishing it, and though he frequently failed to achieve this he could not help becoming someone else in the process. Like an actor he was always trying to get into the skin of a part, but the attempt usually resulted in the performance of a different part. Wishing to play Ariel, he dropped into Caliban. Essaying Prospero, he became Trinculo.

There is certainly nothing in these pages to detract from Boswell's reputation as a sycophant and a sensualist with a "cocked nose," to quote Carlyle again, "cocked partly in triumph over his weaker fellow-creatures, partly to snuff up the smell of coming pleasure and scent it from afar." Like a cushion, he conveyed the impression of the person who had sat upon him last; yet he wrote one of the greatest books in the English language. Perhaps the explanation of this apparent paradox lies in the fact that whatever good there was in him Johnson brought out; not that the Doctor flattered him or spared his feelings, for the treatment to which he was subjected recalls that which Holmes accorded to Watson. Like the proverbial woman, bitch, and walnut-tree, Boswell seems to have been the better for a beating, even if only in a figurative sense.

To admire a book is usually to admire the author, but the case of Boswell is an exception to this rule. While edition after edition was making its appearance his own son was ashamed of it and disliked hearing the work mentioned: this feeling was by no means inexplicable, for he realised that in proportion to the celebrity of the book was the degradation of the author. Had Johnson been a different type of man Boswell would unquestionably have dragged him down and made him as contemptible as he was himself, for he was careful to put on record all the Doctor's foibles and

weaknesses. That this did not happen is proof of the fact that his hero possessed moral and intellectual qualities of a very high order.

Mr. Pearson, therefore, like Carlyle and Macaulay before him, makes no attempt to whitewash Boswell, and his account of the meeting between the latter and Voltaire is one of the best pieces of writing in the book. Yet in spite of all Boswell's failings, for one person to-day who has read a line of Johnson himself there must be a hundred who are acquainted with Boswell's biography of him.

It is the personality and humanity of Johnson which have come down the ages, albeit thanks to the pen of one who possessed neither. To quote the author once more:

Johnson's laugh was as striking as his talk. It was gargantuan, and so infectious that it made other people laugh too. When retelling anecdotes he was excessively amusing, keeping the company in fits of merriment, though there was something of the playfulness of a lion in his jocularity: one kept clear of his paws. It was noticed that he seldom began a subject, though once it was started he soon

became the leading contributor. He had the art of drawing people out, of making them talk on their favourite subjects; and as they talked best on what interested them most, their conversation pleased him the more.

As a critic Johnson was original, to say the least of it. He considered, for example, Homer to have been a greater man than Virgil, but he seems to have thought the "Æneid" to have

been a better poem than the "Iliad": this may well have been his view, for he rated Pope's "Iliad" higher than Homer's. When it came to his contemporaries he denied that Fielding had genius, and he saw no merit in "Gulliver's Travels" or in "Tristram Shandy." Gray's "Odes" he described as "forced plants, raised in a hot-bed," and Churchill he declared "is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs." Richardson, on the other hand, met with his warm approval, though, as the present author puts it, "Nowadays the average intelligent reader will read 'Clarissa' just long enough to know that he does not wish to read it any longer, and will turn with relief to Fielding, who may be regarded as the true parent of the English novel at its best."

The truth is that there was a great deal that was academic in Johnson's approach to life.

Although he was a provincial by birth, he was, with Chaucer and Pepys, one of the most typical Londoners among English men of letters. "Why, Sir," he told Boswell, "you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Indeed, the capital probably meant more to him than it did to Chaucer and Pepys, for as Civil Servants they were continually brought in touch with national problems, whereas Johnson knew little of, and cared less for, anything that happened outside London. His travels merely served to confirm him in his opinion that it was superior to anything elsewhere.

He thus looked on his world through the window of a London library, and in this Macaulay has well contrasted him with Swift. Johnson's political writings smack of the study and the midnight oil; however impressed one may be with them one cannot feel that they come from a man who really understands public life; they are the work of a critic rather than of a performer.

Most people would agree that Johnson was a more estimable and a more attractive figure than Swift, but when it comes to politics the Irishman writes from the inside, and about a subject with which he was thoroughly familiar. As a result Johnson really only appealed to a group of intellectuals in London, while the writings of Swift had a very considerable effect upon opinion all over the country.

It is unfortunately true that many of Johnson's achievements have been forgotten, but it should always be remembered that he raised the profession of letters from the mire in which he found it to the heights which it had attained by the end of the eighteenth century. When he first arrived in London from Lichfield the golden age of the later Stuarts was a thing of the past, and the

philistinism of the first two Georges and of Walpole had done their work: it was the era of Grub Street. Johnson fought what at times appeared to be a hopeless struggle against this state of affairs, and in the end he won; so that never since has English literature been at quite so low an ebb as it was in the middle of the eighteenth century, even if we can no longer say with Macaulay that "the number of readers is at present so great that a popular author may subsist in comfort and opulence on the profits of his works."

Yet the real irony of Johnson's life surely was that his writings, which he probably expected to be immortal, are in danger of being forgotten, while, thanks to the despicable Boswell, his table-talk, to which he probably attached no great importance, is likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken.



MR. HESKETH PEARSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Hesketh Pearson, who was born in 1887, was for some years an actor, but left the stage in 1931 to write biographies. Among his subjects are Gilbert and Sullivan, Sidney Smith, George Bernard Shaw, Dickens and Beerbohm Tree. He is also well known for several delightful books written in collaboration with the late Hugh Kingsmill.



HESTER PIOZZI (MRS. THRALE): BY GEORGE DANCE, 1793. JOHNSON "WAS EXTREMELY FOND OF MRS. THRALE AND TREATED HER WITH THE FREEDOM EITHER OF A PARENT OR OF AN INTIMATE." (National Portrait Gallery.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. William Heinemann.



"THE NORMAL EXPRESSION OF HIS FACE BEING SEMI-COMIC, SEMI-SERIOUS, NEARLY EVERYBODY FOUND SOMETHING ATTRACTIVE IN HIM AT FIRST SIGHT": JAMES BOSWELL, BY GEORGE DANCE, 1793. (National Portrait Gallery.)

* "Johnson and Boswell: the Story of Their Lives." By Hesketh Pearson. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 21s.)

THE EDUCATION OF AFRICAN YOUTH: SCENES OF LIFE IN A LEADING BOARDING SCHOOL FOR AFRICAN GIRLS AT TABORA, IN TANGANYIKA.



AT TABORA, THE LEADING SECONDARY BOARDING SCHOOL FOR AFRICAN GIRLS IN TANGANYIKA: CANDIDATES FOR THE CAMBRIDGE OVERSEA SCHOOLS' CERTIFICATE, DURING THE EXAMINATION ON GENERAL HOUSECRAFT.



MORNING BREAK. THE GIRLS ARE EITHER CHATTING IN AFRICAN FASHION, ON THEIR HEADS. THE GIRL, CENTRE OR CHANGING CLASSROOMS, CARRYING THEIR BOOKS. WEARS A WHITE COLLAR AS A PREFECT'S BADGE.



TRYING OUT A NEW HAIR STYLE: GIRLS OF LIVINGSTONE HOUSE, IN A COMMON ROOM LYING BETWEEN TWO SIX-BED DORMITORIES. MOSQUITO NETS CAN BE SEEN HANGING OVER THE BEDS.



IN THE LIBRARY AT TABORA. THIS IS USED BY THE GIRLS FOR REFERENCE, PRIVATE STUDY, AND BORROWING. THE LIBRARIANS ARE TWO SENIOR GIRLS.

While recently in Tanganyika, Mrs. Juliet Pannett paid a visit to Tabora in the centre of the country, and there made a number of sketches at Tabora Girls' School. This school was founded about thirty years ago. Its history is one of steady expansion, from being a local primary school to the leading secondary boarding school for African girls in Tanganyika. Run by the Department of Education, it caters for about 200 girls from all parts of the Territory. They represent all tribes and include both Muslim and Christian.

Their curriculum is similar to that of English schools, but is adapted to African requirements and to the increasingly important rôle which women play in modern African society. The aim of the School is to provide a sound education and a general training which will enable the girls to play an active part in the life of the home and of the community at large. Their education puts them on an intellectual level with the men and gives them economic independence. At the same time their social training and sound grounding in housecraft

Drawn for "The Illustrated London

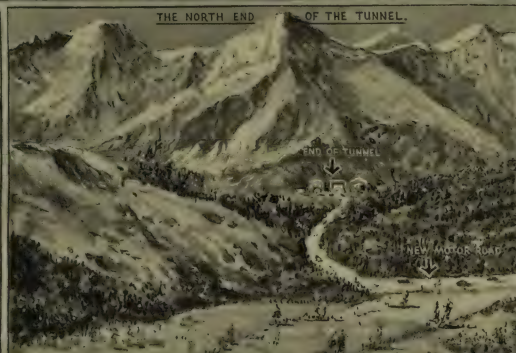
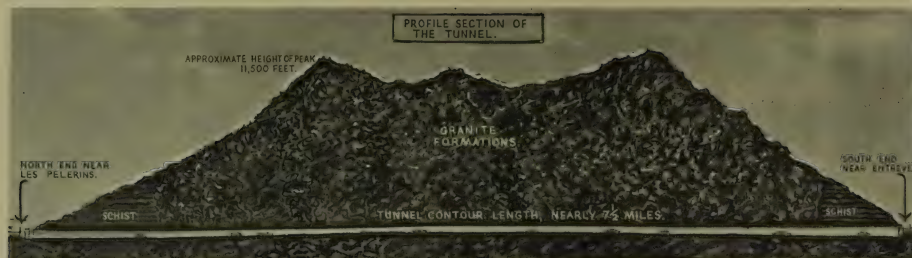


IN THE PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY LABORATORY. THERE IS ALSO A BIOLOGY LABORATORY; AND THIS YEAR THE SCIENCE TEACHING IS BEING EXTENDED.

makes them much sought after as wives. The School has entered girls for the Cambridge Oversea Certificate examination since 1953, and in 1959 will start 'Higher Schools' Certificate courses. At present the majority of staff are English, but the number of African staff will increase as more highly qualified African women become available. Girls from Tabora enter the older established training courses in nursing and teaching, and of recent years have broken into other professions hitherto open only to men. Some now do clerical

News" by Juliet Pannett, S.G.A.

training; others in 1958 formed the nucleus of the new Women's Police Force. Several have already joined the Social Development Department, and others are being recruited for more senior work of this type. In 1957 the School provided the first girls to train as Medical Assistants with the men; and one girl has started laboratory work with the East African Medical Survey and Research Institute. Others continue with their studies. Two are now reading for degrees at Makerere College, Uganda; and two are studying in England.



A NEW ROAD LINK, OPEN IN ALL WEATHERS, BETWEEN FRANCE AND ITALY: THE TUNNEL UNDER MONT BLANC, CONSTRUCTION OF WHICH BEGAN RECENTLY.

Construction of the road tunnel under the Mont Blanc massif, providing an important new link between France and Italy, was begun at the end of 1958. After negotiations lasting several years, the French, Italian and Swiss Governments (Switzerland also standing to benefit considerably from the tunnel) have agreed on the amount to be contributed by each country towards the estimated cost of the scheme, officially given as some 10,000,000,000

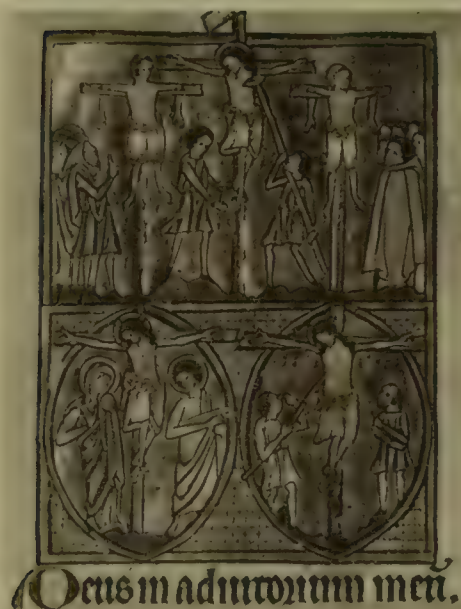
French francs. The tunnel, over seven miles in length and at an approximate altitude of 4300 ft. above sea-level, will lie just to the east of Mont Blanc, between the small village of Les Pelerins, to the south of Chamonix, and Entreveux, in Italy, just north of the ski-resort of Courmayeur. There will be a double roadway, and according to estimates an average of just over 100 cars will pass through in each direction per hour. Garages will be

situated at intervals, and every 50 metres there will be pull-in points, which will be used for dealing with breakdowns. The tunnel will be driven mostly through granite formations, calling for up-to-date machinery and methods. In providing for ventilation, use has been made of the experience gained in operating the busy underwater road tunnels of New York City. The ventilation system will ensure that air flows through the tunnel, and above and below

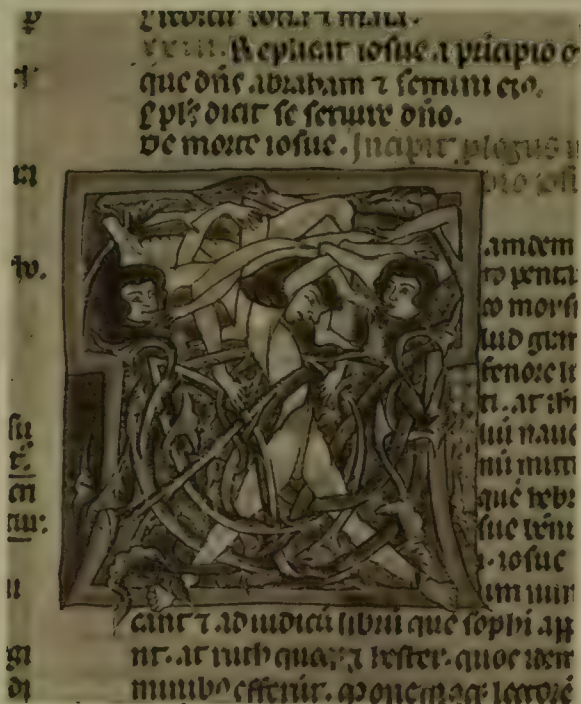
the roadway will be large spaces for bringing in the fresh air and exhausting the air fouled by exhaust gas. Larger, diesel-engined vehicles may be confined to using the tunnel at night. The tolls to be levied on traffic passing through have not yet been disclosed. When it is finally in use the tunnel will provide a short route between France and Italy, giving improved access to Rome and the north Italian cities, and a highway open throughout the winter.

Drawn by our Special Artist G. H. Davis, with official co-operation.

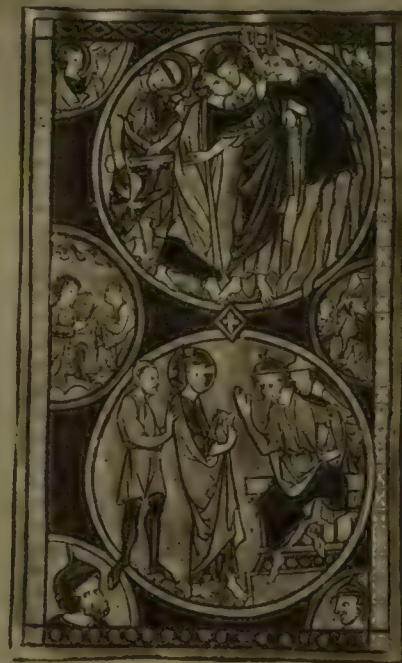
SOME VALUABLE DYSON PERRINS MANUSCRIPTS FOR THE NATION.



A PAGE FROM THE DE BRAILLES BOOK OF HOURS, THE OLDEST SEPARATE BOOK OF HOURS IN EXISTENCE; SOLD TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM. EARLY THIRTEENTH CENTURY. (Page size, 5½ by 4½ ins.)



A SCENE OF ACROBATS FROM A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH BIBLE WRITTEN BY JOHANNES PONCII. ANOTHER OF THE MANUSCRIPTS ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM RECENTLY. (Page size, 15 by 10 ins.)



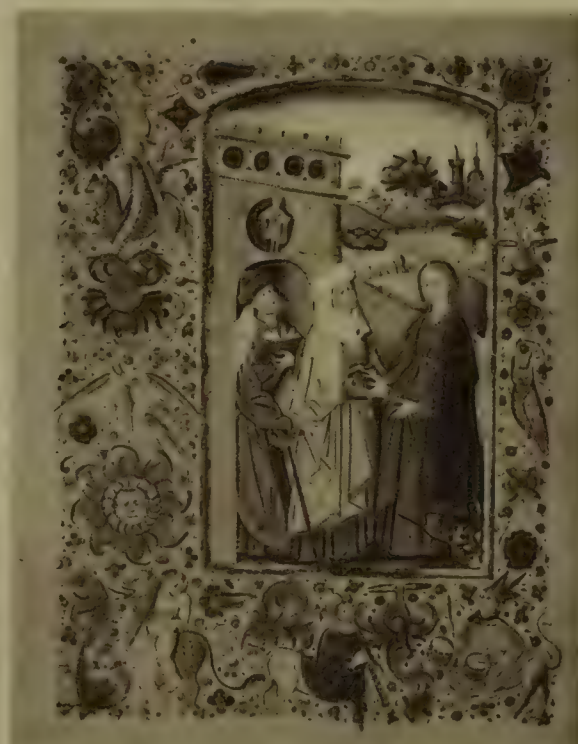
A PAGE FROM THE OSCOTT PSALTER, A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH MANUSCRIPT WHOSE SCRIPT AND DECORATION ARE AMONG THE MOST PERFECT IN WESTERN EUROPE. (Page size, 11½ by 7½ ins.)



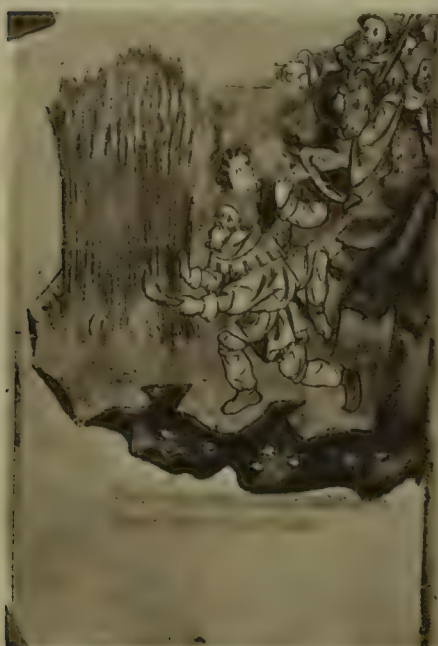
"THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN," FROM THE BOOK OF HOURS OF ELIZABETH THE QUEEN, WIFE OF HENRY VII: AN EARLY FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT. (Page size, 8½ by 6 ins.)



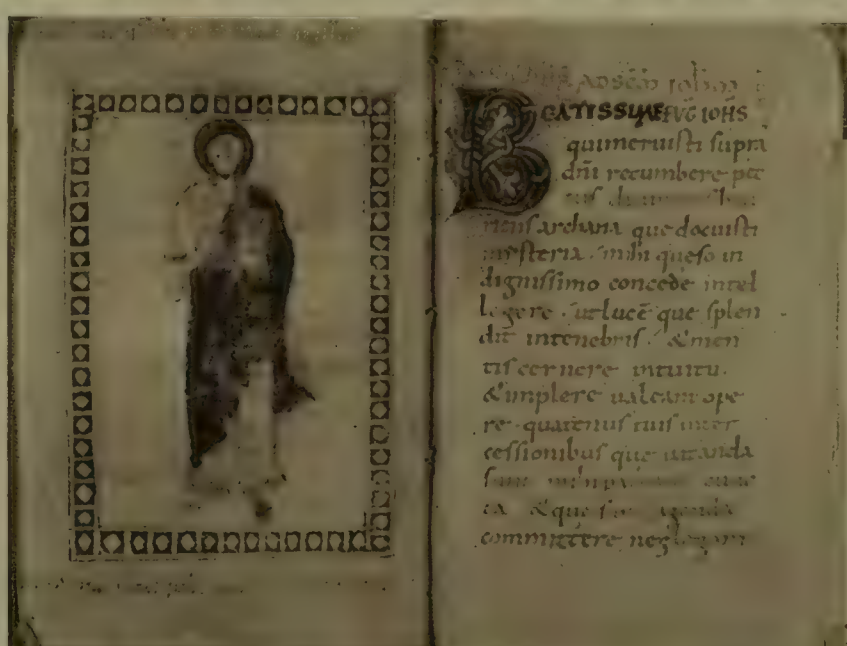
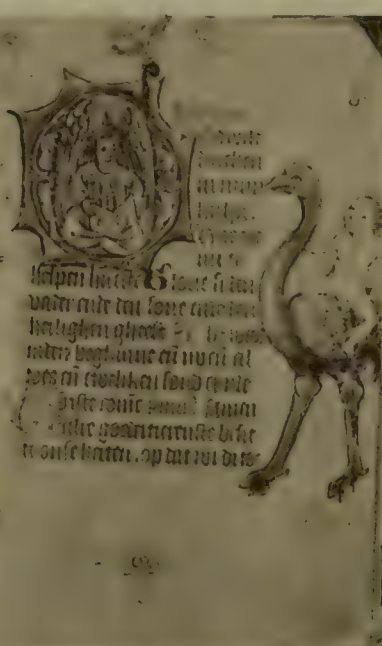
"DAVID," FROM THE BOOK OF HOURS EXECUTED FOR THE PRINCE OF MIRANDOLA; SUMPTUOUSLY DECORATED; LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (Page size, 6½ by 4½ ins.)



A PAGE FROM A SPANISH BOOK OF HOURS OF THE LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: ALSO ACQUIRED FROM THE DYSON PERRINS COLLECTION. (Page size, 10 by 7 ins.)



"HEROD AND THE APOCRYPHAL MIRACLE OF THE CORN," FROM A BOOK OF HOURS IN DUTCH, EXECUTED IN THE EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (Page size, 4½ by 3½ ins.)



"ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST," FROM A LATE TENTH- OR EARLY ELEVENTH-CENTURY MILANESE PROCESSIONAL, WRITTEN FOR ARNULF, ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN. (Page size, 4½ by 2½ ins.)

Ten of the illuminated manuscripts which formed part of the remarkable collection of the late Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins (mentioned in our issues of November 22 and December 20, 1958), have found a permanent home in the British Museum. Two of these, the Gorleston Psalter and the Khamsah of Nizami, were generously bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. Perrins himself. The remaining eight manuscripts were purchased through the Executors of Mr. Perrins, and their agents Messrs. Sotheby and Co., who

kindly offered the Trustees of the British Museum a selection outside the saleroom at prices below their world value. The eight chosen are among the finest in the collection, and fill some notable gaps in the Museum. The three English manuscripts, the de Brailles Book of Hours, the Oscott Psalter and the Hours of Elizabeth the Queen, are also of great value as illustrations of the history of mediæval painting in England. All ten are now on view in the Grenville Library.



HIS HOLINESS POPE JOHN XXIII: A RECENT PORTRAIT TAKEN IN THE VATICAN PALACE.

The new Head of the Roman Catholic Church, Pope John XXIII, was elected on October 28 as successor to the late Pope Pius XII. He was formerly Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, and is seventy-seven. The new Pope comes of a large peasant family and was born near Bergamo, on the edge of the Alps. Ordained in 1904, he later became a chaplain in the First World War. He has spent most of his life outside Italy in the Papal Diplomatic

Service, holding posts in Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece and in Paris, where he was Papal Nuncio for nine years. He became Patriarch of Venice in 1953. In appearance and in nature he presents an interesting contrast to his austere predecessor, who was a Roman of noble birth and tended to be ascetic and aloof. Pope John is stout of figure and is known to be a humble and warm-hearted man. He is the author of a number of books on local history.



A TRULY SPLENDID NEW IVORY FROM NIMRUD : SHOWING A WINGED SPHINX WEARING A HIGH EGYPTIAN CROWN, PECTORAL, URAEUS AND A PHOENICIAN-STYLE APRON. NOW IN THE IRAQ MUSEUM, BAGHDAD. (Reproduced actual size.)

On this and the two following pages we reproduce six of the very large number of Assyrian ivories found at Nimrud during the last season by the expedition of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, directed by Professor M. E. L. Mallowan. All the examples were cleaned in the field and are now among the rich treasures of the Iraq Museum. The superb piece on this page is an achievement of exceptional brilliance. It was found lying on the floor in one of the apartments reserved for the king and his high officials within the south wing of Fort Shalmaneser. We have to imagine a second figure confronting this one within the openwork lunette, the framework of which was overlaid with gold. The tenons above the frame enabled the object to be fitted into a bed-head or some other piece of furniture. The style is of a quasi-Egyptian character affected by the fashionable school of Phoenician and Syrian ivory carvers whose work was much in demand at the court of Assyria. The high Egyptian crown and

double ostrich feathers ; the ægis or pectoral ornamented with papyrus-lotus design ; cobra or uraeus projecting from the front of the apron ; palmettes surmounting voluted tree-trunks ; curly tail and pointed wings are other characteristic features. The sphinx was no doubt connected with the power of the sun and the majesty of the king, and perhaps the face may have been intended as a stylised portrait. This object was probably made either some years before or some years after 700 B.C. Certain details resemble those on carved ivories from Arslantash, in north Syria, now usually considered to be not later than about 740 B.C. On the other hand, the subject may reflect the respect for Egyptian art appropriate to the reign of Esarhaddon, who had invaded Egypt and to whom the Pharaoh Taharqa had sent tribute before 670 B.C. This treasure had fortunately escaped the fire which destroyed the Assyrian fortress, and the ivory emerged from the soil with untarnished sheen as if it had been cut yesterday.

Photograph copyright of the British School of Archaeology, Iraq.



AMONG THE FINEST OF THE MANY IVORIES FOUND AT NIMRUD IN 1958 : THE IVORY FIGURE OF A GOLDEN-HAIRED WINGED BOY ADORNED WITH POLYCHROME INCRUSTATION. (Slightly enlarged, the actual height being 10½ ins. [25·7 cm.])

This wonderful ivory, perhaps made in about 700 B.C., is one of the most brilliant and colourful of the 500 pieces discovered at Nimrud in 1958. The youth, a winged angel, was probably part of an openwork panel which depicted a pair of figures watching over the birth of Horus. Traces of bright blue frit still remain in the cloisons of the wings, and there are touches of gold on the hair and in the collar. The polychrome pinions of the hawk's wings blend with those of the angel and with the inlay on the fringes of the skirt and loin-cloth. This was the work of a master-craftsman. Finesse in execution has combined with a supple artistry to produce

a balanced harmony of movement and colour. It is interesting that the imagery of this time is reflected by a passage in "The Song of Solomon," V, 10 : "My beloved is all radiant . . . his head of the finest gold . . . his locks are wavy . . . His arms are rounded gold, set with jewels . . . his body is ivory work, incrustated with lapis lazuli." This figure, a stray find, had fortunately escaped the bonfire of ivories which had been lit by the Babylonians and Medes at Calah-Nimrud in 612 B.C. Their savage attack, which determined the end of the empire, finally wrecked the antique furniture collected for 250 years by successive kings of Assyria.

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A FAVOURITE AND FREQUENT SUBJECT AT THE COURT OF ASSYRIA: THE COURTESAN, OR "LADY AT THE WINDOW." THE FRAMEWORK REFLECTS THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE PERIOD. (Reproduced actual size.)



A DELICATE CARVING IN IVORY IN THE PHOENICIAN STYLE, SHOWING THE KNEELING FIGURE OF A BOY. (Reproduced actual size.)



A STRIKING IVORY HEAD OF A LADY WEARING A GADROONED CROWN. THIS IS CLOISSONNE WORK, AND IT HAS BEEN BURNT AND BLACKENED BY FIRE. (Reproduced actual size.)



ALSO DARKENED BY FIRE, BUT RETAINING PART OF THE ORIGINAL GOLD OVERLAY: A FRAGMENT OF AN IVORY DOG SEIZING THE HINDQUARTERS OF ANOTHER ANIMAL. (Reproduced actual size.)

NEWLY-DISCOVERED IVORIES FROM NIMRUD: OBJECTS FROM THE COSMOPOLITAN ASSYRIAN COURT OF 2700 YEARS AGO.

This set of ivories illustrates the variety of subjects which adorned Assyrian Court furniture in about 800-600 B.C. Assyrian society was cosmopolitan in character and the kings had inter-married with Syrian and Phoenician families. This was reflected in contemporary art by foreign craftsmen who introduced into their work themes probably familiar in the wealthy cities of Damascus, Tyre and Sidon. Feminine influence now becomes evident, and this is interesting when we reflect that in previous centuries women were never represented on official sculpture except as captives. Ivory art is of a

more intimate character, and this may account for the frequent appearance of the "lady at the window," the courtesan. The striking portrait of a lady wearing a gadrooned crown, partly north Syrian and partly Egyptian in style, may once have adorned a musical instrument, or possibly have been a terminal to a chair. This carving, when originally incrustated, must have made a brilliant polychrome effect, as shown in the golden collar of the dog. The delicate praying figure of the boy is a masterpiece of fretwork. He was originally one of a pair with a sacred tree between them.

Photographs copyright of the British School of Archaeology, Iraq.

WHERE THE MOST SPLENDID ASSYRIAN IVORIES EVER KNOWN HAVE BEEN FOUND: THE KING'S RESIDENCE IN FORT SHALMANESER, NIMRUD; AND A FORETASTE OF MAGNIFICENCE YET TO BE PUBLISHED.

By PROFESSOR M. E. L. MALLOWAN, D.Lit., F.B.A., F.S.A., Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq.
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The following article describes some of the results of the excavations during the ninth season at Nimrud, March—April 1958.

The Expedition was under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, and generously supported by many other institutions, including the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; the Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery; the Metropolitan Museum, New York; Cambridge University; the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto; the *Musées Royaux d'Art et d'Histoire*, Brussels; the University of Durham.

Those who took part in the excavations included the Director and Mrs. Mallowan; Mr. David Oates was Field Director and organised all the ground operations; Mrs. David Oates; Professor J. Laessoe, of the University of Copenhagen; Miss Barbara Parker; Mr. David Stronach; Dr. Richard Adrian; Mr. David Murray Threipland; Mr. Carroll Wales, of the Byzantine Institute of America, who treated the ivories in the field with great skill; Sayid Tawik el Madhloom, an experienced colleague, represented the Iraq Antiquities Department for the third year in succession. Our warmest thanks are again due to the Director-General of the Department of Antiquities and to his entire staff for their scientific co-operation.

THE Expedition embarked on its ninth campaign at Nimrud with every expectation of success, for at the end of the previous season it had left a number of treasure chambers in Fort Shalmaneser still teeming with ivories. Early in

The general layout of this fortress, which occupies a twelve-acre plot of ground, consists of four main quadrants, each of which is surrounded by magazines. The vast courtyards were obviously adapted for use as military parade-grounds, as well as for the distribution of merchandise, which after entry at the main gate of the outer town had to be distributed into appropriate units.

One of the most interesting features of the building which came to light in the course of the renewed excavations was the northern set of apartments in the south-east wing (Fig. 1). Here was an alternate series of barracks and bathrooms, which indicated that careful provision was made

for its steel daggers in mediaeval times. Another document mentioned the receipt of 784 bows from the city of Arpad, in North-West Syria.

The throne-dais which gave the date of the foundation had, in fact, been removed, about 165 years after it had been made, from the throne-room in which it was originally situated (Fig. 6). Its first emplacement had been in the south wing of the fort. This southern wing was planned as a residential and reception quarter for the king and his commanders. The well-built throne-room had been decorated with painted murals depicting soldiers in procession and also with geometric themes (Fig. 6). The throne-room itself was approached by a robing-room and a bathroom, for proper ablutions seem to have been a necessary preamble to any kind of official ceremony.

This neatly planned block contained a large courtyard, and was intersected by well-constructed brick-paved corridors (Fig. 3), which gave access to a series of halls and treasuries. At the entrance to one of them, S.30 (Fig. 2), was found the magnificent sphinx illustrated in Colour Plate II, a stray find, torn out of its original setting, which might have been the back of a throne or a bed. Another hall, S.10, presented an extraordinary

sight when we came to clear it, for it was 5 ft. deep in ash and mutilated fragments of burnt ivories which had come from the bonfires lit by the Medes and Persians in 612 B.C. when they finally wrecked Calah-Nimrud.

The task of fitting together the jumbled mass of burnt and fragmentary ivories from this chamber has been proceeding for many months, and although we despaired at first of success, in the end two plaques were triumphantly reconstituted. One is a frieze of grazing deer, the other consists of a scene in two registers in which bearded men and youths are ceremoniously touching the sacred tree. There are traces of the original gold overlay on their heads and beards, and, indeed, this covering had been the cause both of their destruction and of their survival, for the invaders were only interested in tearing off the precious



FIG. 1. WHERE SOME OF THE MOST SPLENDID ASSYRIAN IVORIES EVER DISCOVERED HAVE BEEN FOUND: THE SOUTH QUADRANT OF FORT SHALMANESER, AT NIMRUD, LOOKING NORTH.

This view shows the double row of magazines on the left, with, in front of the low tent in the middle distance, the treasure chamber in which the large ivories were found. In the right foreground is Esarhaddon's throne base. The hummocks in the distance mark the line of the eastern wall of the outer town.



FIG. 2. WHERE THE LOVELY SPHINX SHOWN IN COLOUR PLATE II WAS FOUND. This is the entrance to a hall in the king's residence in the south wing of Fort Shalmaneser; and just beside the stone threshold, at the foot of the measuring rod can be seen the pit-like door socket-box. Near this was found the beautifully preserved sphinx ivory, which had presumably fallen there during the sack of the palace.

March Mr. David Oates, Field Director of the Expedition, organised the workmen on the ground into positions which would enable them to complete as much as possible of the ground plan of this vast building within the two months at our disposal. Concurrently, a selected team began the long and patient task of clearing a number of treasure chambers where objects of great delicacy were known to be lying.

for the cleanliness of the troops (Fig. 7). Intersecting these rooms there was a great gate-chamber paved with burnt-bricks overlaid with a broad tarmac road on which the wheel-marks of the Assyrian chariots were still visible (Fig. 5). Towards the south-west corner of the parade-ground there was a stone dais with steps, which the king or his commanders could have used for the reviewing of the troops (Fig. 4). The surface of it was engraved with a most important inscription which recorded that the fortress had been erected by King Shalmaneser III in the fifteenth year of his reign, 844 B.C. Other evidence has enabled Professor Laessoe to conclude that the building was known to the Assyrians as a *bit masharti*, that is to say, a military store-house or armoury. The purpose of this kind of foundation is also known from other inscriptions, which state that it was "for the ordinance of the camp, to maintain all the stallions, chariots, weapons, equipment of war,

and the spoil of the foe of every kind." The archaeological discoveries made here confirm the accuracy of this ancient statement in every respect. In various treasure chambers we found every kind of military equipment: spears, daggers, arrows and suits of armour were widespread. It is indeed interesting that some of the tablets of the seventh century B.C. recorded the ordering of coats of mail from Damascus, a city still famed



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE PAVED CORRIDORS IN THE KING'S RESIDENCE AT THE SOUTH-END OF FORT SHALMANESER. THESE GAVE ACCESS TO TREASURES AND APARTMENTS FOR THE KING'S OFFICIALS. THE MUD-BRICK WALLS ARE STILL STANDING TO A HEIGHT OF 8 FT. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND IS A SOCKET-BOX FOR A SWING DOOR.

metal from the surface of the ivories, which they then smashed and piled into heaps. It is no exaggeration to suggest that originally these treasuries may have contained some 10,000 pieces, of which only a small but splendid fraction now survives.

The ivories were made at more than one period, as is proved not only by the differences in their style, but also by the stratification of the building and by records of Esarhaddon, [Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 4. WHERE THE KING OR HIS COMMANDERS REVIEWED THE TROOPS: THE STEPPED THRONE-DAIS IN THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE PARADE-GROUND. AN INSCRIPTION ON THE TOP RECORDS THE FOUNDATION DATE OF 844 B.C.



FIG. 6. MURAL PAINTINGS (RIGHT) ON THE 12-FT.-HIGH WALL OF THE KING'S THRONE-ROOM. THE PAINTINGS SHOW TROOPS. ON THE LEFT ARE "TRAM LINES," ORIGINALLY LEADING TO A THRONE BASE, WHICH HAD BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE COURTYARD (FIG. 4).

WHERE THE NIMRUD IVORIES WERE FOUND: BARRACKS, BATHS AND A THRONE-ROOM.



FIG. 5. THE ENTRANCE GATE TO THE SOUTH-EAST QUADRANT OF FORT SHALMANESER, SHOWING THE BURNT-BRICK PAVEMENT, OVERLAID WITH A STRIP OF TARMAC STILL SHOWING THE WHEEL-MARKS OF ASSYRIAN CHARIOTS. WIDTH OF GATE 13 FT.



FIG. 7. A PAVED BATHROOM IN THE BARRACK SUITE IN THE SOUTH-EAST WING OF FORT SHALMANESER, SHOWING THE ABLUTION STONE. CAREFUL PROVISION WAS MADE THROUGHOUT FOR THE CLEANLINESS OF THE TROOPS.

Continued. 681-669 B.C., who repaired the palace gates. To him also we may attribute extensive evidence of repairs to walls and floors in the same building. How many of the ivories were made during his reign is uncertain, but it is clear that at this time the Assyrians had become increasingly interested in Egyptian art, for Esarhaddon himself received tribute from the Pharaoh Taharqa before 670 B.C. Moreover, an ivory scarab inscribed with the name of this same Egyptian monarch proves that some of these pieces were contemporary with him. None the less, the scenes depicted on this group of ivories are never entirely Egyptian in style but always translated into the idiom favoured by Phœnician and Aramæan workshops. An extraordinary number of rooms contained traces of ivory, but the richest of all was SW.7, which held large parts of dismantled bedsteads and chairs, possibly even backs or sides of

ceremonial chariots. We are, in fact, still uncertain about the setting of some of the splendid panels previously shown in *The Illustrated London News* (November 23, November 30 and December 7, 1957), although a number of complete components this year came to light in the final clearance of that chamber. These illustrated scenes of standing and seated men and women grouped around the sacred tree, hunting and chariot scenes, and floral devices. The work upon them proceeds slowly, but the panels now being treated in the laboratories of the Iraq Museum, Baghdad, are the finest of their kind and unique. It is hoped that it will be possible to illustrate some of them in forthcoming numbers of this journal. In the meantime, the splendid ivories, all of them in Baghdad, illustrated here (Colour Plates II, III and IV), are a foretaste of the magnificence to come.



A PAINTING BY MR. CUNEO OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE LONDON-YORKSHIRE MOTORWAY, AS SEEN FROM A HELICOPTER. CAN YOU SPOT THE ARTIST'S MOUSE "TRADE MARK"?

THE LONDON-YORKS. MOTORWAY: A HELICOPTER'S- EYE VIEW.

THIS striking painting of the London-Yorkshire Motorway is one of a number Mr. Terence Cuneo has painted of notable projects undertaken by John Laing and Son Ltd., the building and civil engineering contractors. The paintings, forming a pictorial record of the firm's work in recent years, include views of the Berkeley Nuclear Power Station, Gloucestershire, early stages of the building of the new Coventry Cathedral, the Spelga Dam, Northern Ireland, Plymouth Power Station, shaft-sinking for gold mines in the Orange Free State and the Amphitheatre at the Voortrekker Monument, near Pretoria. As a war artist, Mr. Cuneo became accustomed to working in unusual surroundings, and he has continued this tradition when working for Laing's, making sketches from a hovering helicopter for the Motorway painting. Work on the southern part of the Motorway, which will provide a route between Birmingham and London of great value to commercial traffic and is due to be completed in the record time of nineteen months, began in March, the contract for the main section of 53 miles awarded to John Laing and Son Ltd. being one of the largest of its kind ever



MR. CUNEO IN THE BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS HELICOPTER FROM WHICH HE MADE SKETCHES FOR THE PAINTING. THE SKETCHES WERE MADE AS THE HELICOPTER HOVERED ABOVE A BRIDGE AT MILTON, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.

given to one firm. The 12-mile section at the London end is being constructed by Tarmac Civil Engineering Ltd. (The mouse which appears in many of Mr. Cuneo's paintings—to the same scale as the human beings—is seen above in the helicopter's cockpit to the right of the instrument panel.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SOME ITALIAN MAIOLICA.

superior practical wares of bone china from Staffordshire—that is, towards the end of the eighteenth century.

not affect them any more than it affects the painting on porcelain.

THE wonderfully soft gradations of colour in fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italian maiolica—the blues, the greens, the browns, oranges, yellows—a far greater range than one realises at first sight, with very subtle juxtapositions of tone—glow with a very special splendour in any company, and particularly when surrounded by pictures and furniture in an auction room. One sees this splendid ware all too infrequently, though there are two or three of the London dealers who make a point of holding as much as they can acquire. I enjoyed seeing forty or fifty pieces last month just before a sale, and herewith a few of them.

We are all agreed, I suppose, that before one can call a dish or a pot a fine thing, it must have a noble shape, a natural rhythm resulting from its having been thrown on the wheel, or at least fashioned from moulds which are ceramically logical and not mere imitations of something made of another material, silver or bronze, for example. Most Italian maiolica satisfies this rather austere theory well enough, but—to generalise somewhat—whereas most potters in other corners of the earth were concerned with form first and decoration later, to the Italian of the Renaissance surfaces existed to have pictures painted on them, so that what was originally a decidedly utilitarian craft took upon itself an appearance of brilliance and luxury and attracted painters of more than ordinary dexterity—a sureness of hand which was very necessary if only because no retouching is possible on the soft glaze with which the material is covered before its final firing. First thoughts are there for ever, as each stroke of the brush sinks immediately in the surface, not to be recalled.

Technically, this Italian-painted pottery has an ancient history and a distinguished posterity, for—to go back a long way—the whitish tin enamel with which it is covered before painting was, about the ninth century A.D., an Islamic experiment designed to imitate Chinese wares, which were then beginning to penetrate to the Near East. From Persia it spread across North Africa to Spain, and the Italians called imports of the fine lustre dishes from Mohammedan Spain maiolica because, mistakenly, they thought they were made in Majorca, which was, in fact, merely a trading depot. Apart from Spain, it is difficult to believe that they were not familiar with the technique as a result of trading contacts with Syria and Egypt. So much for what—stretching a point perhaps—we might call the prehistory of this beautiful ware. From the sixteenth century onwards it spread all over Europe.

First the French, much impressed by some utilitarian pottery, relatively undecorated and manufactured at Faenza, adapted the technique, and have ever since called it faience. The English maiolica began to be made in 1571, thanks to immigrants from Flanders, but was eventually called delftware after the little city of Delft, in Holland, whose inhabitants, anxious to imitate the wonderful blue and white porcelains from China which the Dutch East India Company was importing, turned their dozens of breweries into pottshouses almost, it is said, overnight. We began in a very small way at Aldgate, then at Lambeth, Bristol and Liverpool, and the industry did not come to an end until the arrival of far

One can say that for normal household use, and for vessels like drug jars, tin-enamel pottery played a valuable part in the gradual raising of standards of cleanliness, for though it could not stand up to hot water, it was infinitely better on the table than a wooden or a pewter dish. Most technical inventions were kept a secret as long as possible for the benefit not necessarily of their inventors, but of their financial backers; Venetian glass manufacture is one example which comes very readily to mind, as also the Meissen secret of hard paste porcelain. There seems to have been no attempt at concealment in the case of maiolica—perhaps because it was speedily made at several centres, and we have a careful description of the process in "The Three Books of the Potter's Art," written by Cipriano Piccolpasso about 1556.

To be very brief, after the first firing the vessel was dipped in a bath of glaze, the *bianco*, a composition of oxides of lead and tin combined with *marzacotto*, i.e., silicate of potash made by mixing and fusing sand with calcined wine-lees. This glaze

The three illustrations are, I think, a fair sample of this little collection. Of the more useful wares my vote goes to this kind of thing (Fig. 1), the Deruta drug jar, with short spout and broad strap-handle, ornamented in orange, green and blue; date about the middle of the sixteenth century. This type with the handle and spout would be for liquids; that for dry drugs was cylindrical with a narrow opening which, in use, would be covered by parchment. There is a great variety in the decoration, which, at this early period, never seems to become stereotyped as it did later. There are some with coats-of-arms, others with portrait busts, or with Roman warriors or with foliage—impossible to make a list; stock patterns were apparently not yet thought of.

But in the nature of things it was the plates and dishes which gave the painter his chance, and what he made of it is seen in Figs. 2 and 3, both of which were produced for ornament, not for use. The young woman in Fig. 2, Ippolita B(ella)—rather more comely than the majority of her sisters—had an admirer who ordered this plate for her birthday or as a New Year gift. Painted at Castel Durante about 1525 and given a ruby lustre against its blue background, it is one of a fairly large class which have survived the passage of nearly four-and-a-half centuries to remind us of a forgotten custom. She wears an orange cap and a braided dress. The reverse is painted with ruby-lustred scrolls. The third piece—each of them, by the way, is 9½ ins. in diameter—belongs to that larger class in which the circular area at the disposal of the painters was regarded as the perfect excuse for pictorial treatment; no theories



FIG. 1. A DERUTA DRUG JAR OF THE MID-SIXTEENTH CENTURY, WITH THE NAME OF THE DRUG *S DE ISOPO* INSCRIBED ON IT. ONE OF THE PIECES OF ITALIAN MAIOLICA DISCUSSED ON THIS PAGE. (10 ins. high.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)



FIG. 2. A BIRTHDAY DISH, c. 1525, PAINTED AT CASTEL DURANTE AND LUSTRED AT GUBBIO: ANOTHER PIECE OF MAIOLICA. (9½ ins. diam.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)



FIG. 3. A PAINTED DISH FROM URBINO, "KING DAVID PLAYING THE LYRE." THIS PIECE OF MAIOLICA IS DATED c. 1535. (9½ ins. diam.) (Messrs. Sotheby's.)

was dried and then became ready for painting. After that the vessel had to have a second firing to fuse the pigments finally into the glaze. I made the point earlier that during the painting stage no retouching was possible; this is worth emphasising again, because whereas enamel painting on fine porcelain is done on a hard surface, maiolica painting must be done on a soft, and requires as much speed and alertness as working in fresco. The result is that, given the requisite skill, the finest painting on these Italian dishes and jars more than makes up in liveliness and vigour for what it sometimes lacks in meticulous accuracy. Moreover, the colours do not run or blur in the second firing; time does

nor inhibitions concerning the value of empty spaces in ceramic decoration; this is just a circular Renaissance painting which happens to have a pottery foundation rather than canvas or panel, and is not to be judged as if it were a contemporary Ming Dynasty dish; indeed, my guess is that it would have horrified the Chinese. Here is King David playing his lyre beneath a *baldachino*, with three figures listening respectfully on the right and a distant landscape in the centre. The painter, Francesco Xanto Avelli, of Urbino; the date about 1535. The subjects sometimes biblical, often from classical mythology, generally derived from prints, but occasionally wholly original.

A CHARMED GLASS BEAKER ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM—"THE LUCK OF EDENHALL."



THE TOP OF THE LEATHER CASE CONTAINING "THE LUCK OF EDENHALL," A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ENAMELLED BEAKER WHOSE VALUE IS ENHANCED BY ITS ROMANTIC STORY—AND PURCHASED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

THE Victoria and Albert Museum has made a unique and interesting purchase. For £5500 it has acquired a thirteenth-century Syrian enamelled glass beaker, in its leather case, known as "The Luck of Edenhall." This title has been given to the beaker for at least 230 years, during which time it has enjoyed one of the most remarkable romantic histories of any existing piece of glass. It is first mentioned in literature in 1729 by James Ralph, the author, in a version of the so-called "Wharton" ballad, which tells of a drinking-match organised by the Duke of Wharton at Eden Hall, in Cumberland. Ralph changed a few lines to, "God prosper long from being broke/The Luck of Eden-Hall." From this time onwards there are a number of reports that the fortunes of Eden Hall would collapse if the glass were broken. Already in the eighteenth century this was regarded as an ancient charm. It is related that one member of the Musgrave family, who owned Eden Hall, was so nervous that he would hold a napkin under it if it was ever used by his family. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1791, published a traditional story about a party of fairies whose merry-making was interrupted and who, in their hasty retreat, left the cup behind, the last one of them screaming out, "If this cup should break or fall/Farewell the Luck of Edenhall." It is this account that has formed the basis of a number of romantic versions, including that of Longfellow in his translation of Uhland's German ballad, which tells of the breaking of the cup and the resulting capture of Edenhall. But "The Luck" in fact remains unbroken. It is not known whether the Victoria and Albert Museum has inherited the spell!



"THE LUCK," MADE IN SYRIA, PROBABLY BROUGHT TO EUROPE BY A CRUSADER. THE FORTUNES OF EDEN HALL WERE SAID TO REST UPON ITS PRESERVATION. (Approximately full size.)



THE DECORATED LEATHER CASE; A CUT AND STAMPED WORK OF GREAT BEAUTY, MADE PROBABLY IN ENGLAND ABOUT 100 YEARS AFTER "THE LUCK."



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

DO not mistake me. In writing of a dish of cabbage stalks I am not trying to be funny, nor even actually being funny. This is a serious gastronomic

matter. A few days ago I experimented with this dish, and found it couth, perfectly couth, excellent, delicious. But let me own up. It was not the stalks of the ordinary common or garden cabbage. It was nothing so refined as that.

On the contrary, it was mere cattle fodder, the stems of what farmers grow as marrow-stemmed kale, and a kale is, of course, merely a form of cabbage, one of the many descendants of our native wild cabbage, *Brassica oleracea*. Last winter I scrounged a few good hearty specimens of marrow-stemmed kale from a farmer friend. The leafy heads I fed to my hens, who were enchanted. Poultry kept in confinement in a spacious covered run, as mine are, need plenty of green food, and are always wildly keen on any change of herbage they can get at. When I go to the run to collect the eggs—or may be to deplore the lack of them—I usually leave the door half open, with the result that the hens, instead of rushing to compete for the mash I put in their trough, sprint out to batten feverishly on the weed-grasses near by.

As I say, my hens devoured greedily the leafy tops of marrow-stemmed kale that I gave them. This year I planted in the kitchen garden a row of this same kale, partly as a treat for the hens, but more important still that we ourselves might enjoy the great gouty stems. I need hardly explain that it is the marrow part that we eat, and not the hard, almost woody outer rind, and my plan for preparation is simple. With a very sharp steel (not stainless) knife I cut the stems into 3-in. lengths, which I then peel by standing each section on end, and slicing downward, cutting away the tough outer casing. That leaves crisp, nutty, pale green marrow, which is then just plain boiled—salt, in the water I expect, but nothing else. As at first it was a basic experiment, no fancy work was tried. Our cabbage stalk was served, eaten and greatly enjoyed, with no elaborate sauce. Nothing but butter, pepper, and salt, and that, to my way of thinking, is by far the best way with most of the better vegetables—asparagus, baby vegetable marrows, scarlet runners (very young, please) and several others.

If you have never tried cabbage stalks in this way (but perhaps kale stalks would sound less crude); and if you have not grown any marrow-stemmed kale in your garden, I strongly advise your visiting some dairy farm in the hope that the farmer may have grown a crop of the delicacy, and would be willing to sell you a few well-developed specimens to try. If you do that, I feel

A DISH OF CABBAGE STALKS

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

very sure that you will be growing a row of marrow-stemmed kale for next winter's use.

Another vegetable that one seldom or never meets, either in private life or in shops or restaurants, is known familiarly by the homely name turnip-tops. Turnip-tops have, or collectively has, a pleasant slight bitterness which makes them a welcome change from the eternal brussels sprouts at this time of year. I have sometimes thought of making a little expedition to Brussels during the winter, purely to "take the sprouts," and to find out whether the natives have any way of cooking them which might be publicised here in England and so make brussels sprouts a little less like the eternal brussels sprouts which go so far

to Brussels to satisfy their horrid appetites.

But to return to our turnip-tops. If you do not happen to have sown and grown any turnips in your garden, and would care to try a dish or two of tops, a good plan for obtaining a crop is to buy a number of swede turnips, as large as you can find, and specimens which have not had all their tops trimmed away. It is from the rough-looking tops that the sprouts will sprout. Having secured a dozen or so swedes, you plant them as close together as they will go in a box—or boxes—of soil. Only the lower half of each swede need be in the soil. Plant firmly, and sprinkle so as to give them an encouraging start.

After that they will require little or no watering. Kept in a greenhouse, or indoors, in a light and airy place, the swedes will soon begin to send out a forest of young shoots from all around their tops. Once started, these shoots will continue to grow, living, as it were, on capital, the capital banked in the fleshy bulb-like swede, and these shoots, which in reality are turnip-tops, may be gathered for use for as long as the bountiful swede continues to produce them. "It makes a change," as she who "does for us," says often, and of many things.

On Boxing Day I saw my first snowdrops, not yet fully out, but well up and showing white, thousands of them, growing in densely-congested clumps spilling down a steep hillside



"IF WINTER COMES, CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?" SNOWDROPS IN FULL BLOOM AND, IN BETWEEN THE STONES IN FRONT, THE SLENDER ROSY-LAVENDER BUDS OF *CROCUS TOMMASINIANUS*. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

in darkening our lives in the prolonged and dreary sprout season. The only alternative that I can think of would be for the Government to enforce a strict close season for sprouts, so brief and so strict that sprouts would be a much appreciated luxury vegetable. If that happened, I could imagine green peas and asparagus taking second place to sprouts, and sprout addicts sneaking off

among beech trees. We were threading a narrow track a few yards above a stream-fed lake where, in three months' time, I hope to be tempting the trouts with a March Brown and other homely, deadly lures. I am particularly anxious to make the further acquaintance of one particularly venerable monster, whose hobby seems to be fooling anglers by accepting their bogus entomological specimens, and then "breaking" them. I have seen him from time to time, cruising majestically, and once he went several yards out of his way to accept a minute nymph—and then dashed irresistibly for a dead fallen tree lying in the water—and that was that. Fish and flowers have left me many delightful memories. A trout stream bordered by masses of rose-pink *Alstrameria ligula* in the Chilean Andes; and in Southern Chile, where scarlet *Embothrium coccineum* fringed a heavy river in which the trouts, both rainbow and brown, averaged 4 lb., and my finest was a nine-pounder. What a thrill! Yet no more thrilling than a pond I frequented when I wore very small shoes, and caught newts with crested backs and golden bellies, and sticklebacks—in the breeding season—with sides of gleaming blue-silver and flaming red bellies. I associate adventures with newts and tiddlers with king cups and water forget-me-nots.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

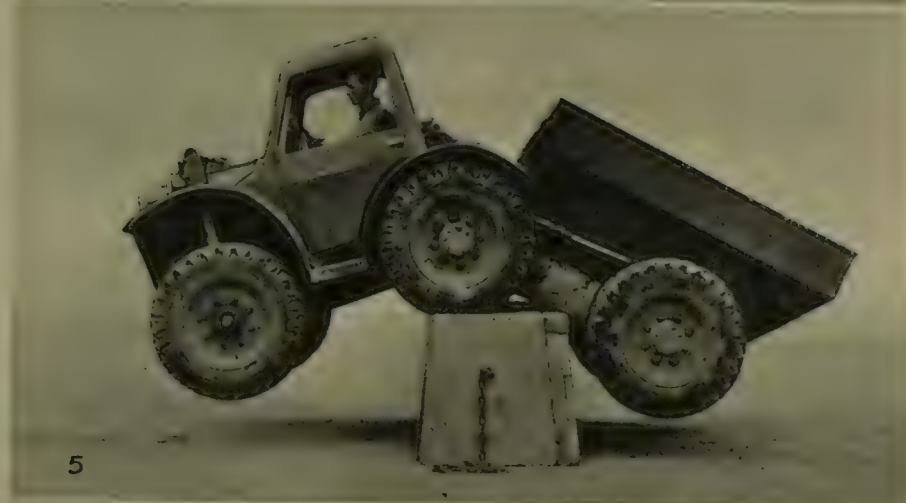
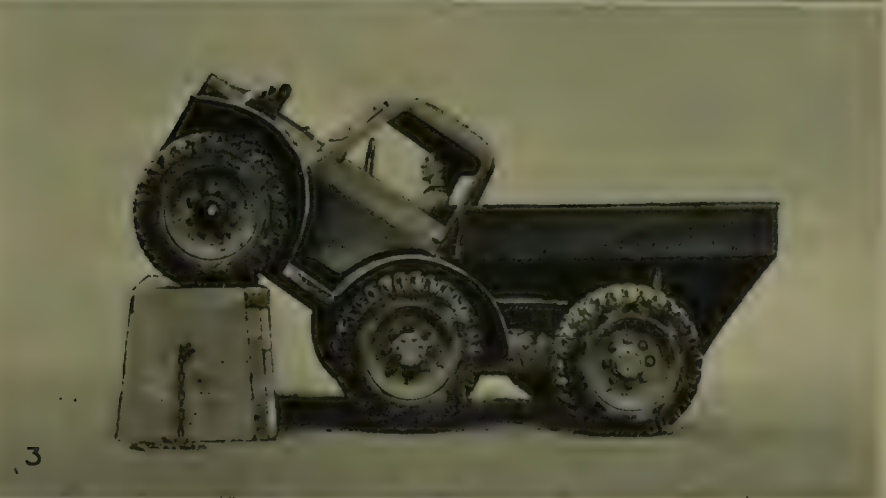
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HOW TO CLIMB A WALL IN A MOTOR-CAR: THE SWISS CROSS-COUNTRY METRAC.



THE DRIVING CAB, SHOWING THE CONTROLS. THERE ARE HYDRAULIC JACKS ON THE FOUR FRONT AND REAR WHEELS.

THE TRUCK WHICH CAN CLIMB WALLS: A NUMBERED SEQUENCE OF PHOTOGRAPHS, SHOWING HOW THE METRAC CROSS-COUNTRY VEHICLE DOES IT. AN EXPLANATION IS GIVEN IN THE TEXT BELOW.

THE *Metrac*, shown here, is a Swiss experimental cross-country vehicle capable of tackling an astonishing variety of obstacles. All six wheels are driven by the engine in front. Front and rear wheels are carried on hollow swinging arms pivoted on the central axle. The arms are hollow and contain the chains driving the wheels. The vertical positions of the front and rear wheels are controlled by four hydraulic jacks which increase or

[Continued below, left.



HOW THE METRAC CAN CROSS A SLOPE AT RIGHT-ANGLES ON AN EVEN KEEL. THE CENTRE WHEELS ARE FIXED, BUT FRONT AND REAR WHEELS ARE ON INDEPENDENT JACKS.

Continued.] reduce the ground clearance. Two hydraulic jacks connect the front and rear parts of the vehicle; when contracted they allow the front or rear end to be lifted; when extended they lift the centre wheels clear of the ground. The sequence of actions in climbing a wall is shown in the photographic series. (1) Approach. (2) Front lifted and climbing begins, helped by the push from the rear wheels. (3) Front axle pushed on to top of wall. (4) Truck arches its back hydraulically, with middle wheels clear. (5) Truck advances and motion of middle wheels, plus frontal weight of engine, lifts the rear end.

(6) Rear end raised on to wall, front and middle wheels descend slowly—and the truck is over. Deep wide ditches can be crossed by the reverse of this technique; narrow ditches are crossed by locking the chassis horizontally and making it a rigid six-wheeler; and steep slopes are crossed on an even keel, as shown in the lower right photograph. It can also turn in its own length, by lifting rear or front wheels and driving the centre axle with one wheel locked. For road running the centre axle is lifted clear and the truck driven as a four-wheeler. (Photographs by courtesy of *Automobil-Revue*, Berne.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MICE TIED TO APRON-STRINGS

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE wood-mouse or long-tailed field-mouse is a thieving rascal, from the standpoint of human agriculture or horticulture. As such it is apt to incur human displeasure, and measures are often taken to reduce its numbers. By an irony, it is a character which this rodent shares with the general run of mankind that calls down our displeasure, that is, the urge to acquire and to hoard, to gather unto itself worldly goods beyond its immediate needs. In the woods, it hoards acorns, nuts and berries, and no harm is done. On arable land it is inclined to take the sown grain, and in gardens to take and hoard vegetable seeds, flower bulbs, and such other things that we plant laboriously.

For all this, I find it one of the most entertaining and likable of our small rodents. It is about the size of a house-mouse but much cleaner-looking, largely because of its white paws and underparts. It is attractive also because of its habit of skipping about on its hind-legs kangaroo fashion. There are other points in its favour, and, for my part, I never tire of watching the "long-tail" whenever the opportunity occurs. There was such a chance recently when I went to clear up a thick carpet of the large dead leaves and numerous twigs from under a horse-chestnut tree. The moment I started to move the mass of leaves and twigs the long-tails started to jump in all directions. There may not have been more than a dozen, but there seemed to be more, for the mice leapt and jumped in a crowd like a group of giant fleas.

As soon as I saw what was happening I stopped work and watched. The mice had scattered to most points of the compass and taken cover, but within a few moments, finding there was no further disturbance in their small world, they began to trickle back, some running on all fours, some leaping like kangaroos, and before long they were all back once more under the carpet of leaves.

Such is my stupid sentimentality over this destructive rodent, the leaves are still there undisturbed. And rather than proceed with that task, I decided to switch my attention to a pile of garden waste, a few yards away, that needed to be put on a fire. Nothing particular happened as I threw loads of this waste on to the bonfire with a longer-handled fork. Then, as the lower layers were reached there came out something I had long wanted to see. As I dug the tines of the fork into the rotting grass and roots, two mice ran out, one behind the other. The second of them was holding on to the one in front, and the two kept in step and in time as they left for a more secure spot and, after running for about 3 ft. in the open, disappeared into the rotting grass that was so far undisturbed.

It is known that the female of the long-tailed field-mouse will run with two young ones holding on to her teats. She will also jump with them hanging to her. The habit is not peculiar to this species. It has also been seen in the white-footed mouse or deer-mouse of North America, to which I referred on this page on February 23, 1957; and it has also been observed in a few other small rodents. But this was the first time I had had the pleasure of seeing it at first-hand.

This time, I regret to say, I gave the mice no peace, but lifted the garden rubbish with the fork, here, there and everywhere in the pile, in the hope of seeing the tandem performance again. In this I was unsuccessful, but I saw the mice repeatedly, a mother and two half-grown youngsters, although only the one had clung to the mother in the first

precipitate rush to escape the tines of the fork. I also found the nest, a ball of woven grass. And from the repeated glimpses of the mice it was possible to make a guess about the value of this form of transport.



THE LONG-TAILED FIELD-MOUSE, OR WOOD-MOUSE, CLEANING ITS TAIL. SIMILAR TO THE HOUSE-MOUSE IN SIZE AND APPEARANCE, IT LOOKS CLEANER AND IS MORE ATTRACTIVE TO WATCH, LARGELY BECAUSE OF ITS WHITE PAWS AND WHITE FRONT.



A FEMALE LONG-TAILED FIELD-MOUSE (LEFT) WITH ONE OF HER SONS. THE OTHER SON IS HIDDEN UNDER THE LEAVES. ALL THREE WERE CAUGHT IN A LIVE-TRAP, AND, IT MAY BE PRESUMED, WERE RUNNING TOGETHER, THE TWO YOUNGSTERS HOLDING ON TO THE MOTHER.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

The first thing that struck me was the distribution of these two groups of mice. Under the carpet of leaves was a whole colony of them, while there were only the mother and two youngsters under the garden refuse, which occupied a similar area to that covered by the leaves and was about three

yards distant from it. We know, from the writings of others, that long-tailed field-mice are gregarious, and will live harmoniously together until a female is about to have a litter. Then, she will tolerate no other of her kind near her, not even her own mate. Here we had a practical demonstration of the insularity of the nursing female.

The next thing I noticed was the difference between a young field-mouse when on its own and when with the mother. Although I have said these youngsters were half-grown, this was merely a rough estimate. They were, in fact, about three-quarters the size of the mother, so presumably the time must have been near when they would be independent of her. In view of this, it was remarkable how helpless they seemed when separated temporarily from her. So long as a youngster was near its mother, it moved rapidly and decisively, but always it was following her example. Once separated from her, it seemed lost. Its movements were slow and hesitant, and the course of action it followed was often likely to lead it into trouble.

Two incidents illustrate this. On one occasion, one of the youngsters, when separated from the mother, ran towards me, not very quickly, and stopped about 6 ins. from the toe of my shoe. I could, with little difficulty, have stooped and caught it by hand. On another occasion, when separated from the mother, one of the youngsters ran across open ground and took cover some distance away. It eventually found its way back, but the point is that this straying away was in marked contrast to the behaviour of the mother who, throughout the repeated disturbances, contrived to keep within a radius of about 3 ft. from the nest.

Although these two incidents only are chosen for purposes of illustration, they are typical of many others. The general impression I had was that these two youngsters would have fallen an easy victim to a predator provided they were not at close quarters with the mother, and the obvious way to ensure such close association is for the young ones to hold on to the mother and run with her.

Long-tailed field-mice are mainly nocturnal. We have kept several colonies of them in captivity,

from time to time, and in such a situation that we had them under observation throughout the day and much of the night. The mice in these colonies rarely showed themselves by day, unless disturbed, but came out regularly in the evening to feed and to play together. Once in the open, they would stay there until well after midnight. With the dawn they retired to cover for the daylight hours. It is not surprising, in view of this, that I had not before seen mother and offspring running tandem together. And yet I have seen many members of this species by day, either singly or in groups. Most often when seen in daylight they are collecting acorns, nuts or berries, or they have been disturbed.

What I saw of the mother and babies this time also suggests that even when disturbed in daylight, these family groups, guided by the example of the mother, keep well to cover. Indeed, the only way I was able to make so much observation of them, on the occasion of which I have written, was by being myself persistent in watching for them and following

them up over a period of about an hour. That mother and youngsters do habitually move about together is shown by the fact that they can all be caught in one small live-trap, which seems unlikely to happen if they were not all clinging together.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



NORWEGIAN AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: HR. BRAADLAND.
Hr. Erik Braadland, until recently Norwegian Ambassador to the Soviet Union, has been appointed the new Ambassador to Britain. Before his appointment in Russia he was Envoy in Belgrade, and before that head of the military mission in Berlin and Chargé d'Affaires in Bonn. He is 48, and succeeds Hr. Per Preben Prebensen.



AN INDIAN STATESMAN: THE LATE SIR MIRZA ISMAIL.
Sir Mirza Ismail, K.C.I.E., O.B.E., an outstanding Indian statesman during the period of British authority, died on January 5, aged 75. Of Persian origin, he won a high reputation in Britain for his work as a delegate and as an administrator of Mysore, "the model State," where he was for a long time Diwan.

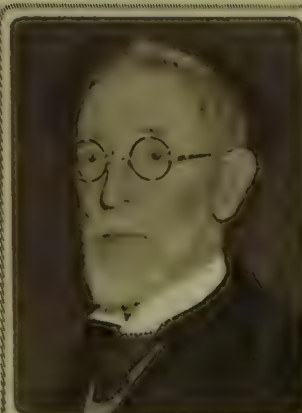


CONSECRATION OF TWO NEW BISHOPS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY; BRISTOL AND TONBRIDGE.

On January 6 in Westminster Abbey two new bishops were consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. They are Dr. O. S. Tomkins, Bishop of Bristol, on the left of the Archbishop, and Canon R. Berridge White, the first Bishop Suffragan of Tonbridge, on his left.



A FAMOUS EGYPTOLOGIST DEAD: DR. M. Z. GONEIM.
Probably the most famous Egyptian Egyptologist, Dr. Goneim, who was found dead in the Nile near Kasr-el-Nil on Jan. 11, was perhaps best known to the world as the discoverer of the unfinished step pyramid (near Zoser's pyramid at Sakkara) which, when excavated, contained an untouched but empty sarcophagus.



A POPULAR LEGAL FIGURE: THE LATE SERJEANT SULLIVAN.
Serjeant A. M. Sullivan, Q.C., a well-known figure at the English Bar, died on Jan. 9, aged 87. Before 1899 he was in Ireland, first as a journalist and then as a member of the Irish Bar. He was the last of the Serjeants-at-Law, who were originally members of the highest order of counsel at the English and Irish Bar.



(Left.) A NOTED GOLFER DIES: THE HON. MICHAEL SCOTT.
The Hon. Michael Scott, the fifth son of the third Earl of Eldon, who was for many years a leading British amateur golfer, died aged 80 in Jersey on Jan. 9. Among his many golfing successes, he won the British Amateur Championship in 1933, when he was 54. He captained the British Walker Cup team in 1934.

(Right.) FIRST WOMAN PROFESSOR FOR IMPERIAL COLLEGE.
Dr. Helen Porter, D.Sc., F.R.S., has been appointed to the Chair of Plant Physiology at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London; the first woman to hold a Chair at the College. She has been associated with the College since 1921, and is the twelfth woman Fellow of the Royal Society. Dr. Porter is 59.



(Right.) DAVIS CUP CAPTAIN: THE LATE DR. J. C. GREGORY.

Dr. J. C. Gregory, Chairman of the All-England Club since 1955 and ex-captain of Britain's Davis Cup lawn tennis team, died suddenly at the Club on Jan. 10, aged 55. He was one of Yorkshire's greatest lawn tennis players, played for Britain, and was runner-up in the Doubles at the Wimbledon Championships of 1929.



THE WINNING AMERICAN DAVIS CUP LAWN TENNIS TEAM WITH THE CUP AFTER THEIR UNEXPECTED VICTORY OVER AUSTRALIA BY THREE MATCHES TO TWO.
America regained the Davis Cup from Australia in Brisbane on December 31. Seen here, left to right, are Ham Richardson, Alex Olmedo, the hero of the event; Perry Jones, the non-playing captain; Barry Mackay, Earl Buchholz and Chris Crawford. Olmedo defeated Ashley Cooper in the vital singles.



(Left.) DEATH OF AN OUTSTANDING OARSMAN AND COACH.
Mr. Peter Haig-Thomas, one of the finest rowing coaches of his generation, died at his home on Jan. 9, aged 76. He won his Blue as a Freshman at Cambridge and rowed four times for the University, three times in winning crews. He coached eleven Cambridge crews without a defeat, and later coached Oxford.



THE FIRST FRENCH PRIME MINISTER OF THE FIFTH REPUBLIC: M. MICHEL DEBRÉ.
As foreseen, M. Michel Debré is the new French Prime Minister. Aged 46, he is a loyal Gaullist, was one of the original members of the Rally of the French People, and is a leading member of the new triumphant U.N.R. Party. He trained as a lawyer, was active in the Resistance, and was Minister of Justice until his new appointment.



ARCHITECTS' ROYAL GOLD MEDAL FOR PROFESSOR VAN DER ROHE.
The Royal Institute of British Architects has announced the Queen's approval of the award of the Royal Gold Medal to Professor Mies van der Rohe, the American architect of German origin. His masterpiece is regarded to be the Seagram Building in New York, the first bronze skyscraper. His influence on young architects is said to be second only to that of Le Corbusier.



DEATH OF FORMER PRESIDENT OF N.U.R.: MR. JIM STAFFORD.
The former President of the National Union of Railwaymen, Mr. Jim Stafford, died on January 8, aged 63. He had been a member of the Union since 1922, and President from 1954 to 1956. When elected he was believed to be the first "pick-and-shovel" man to have held the post. He was also a member of the National Union of Railwaymen's Finance Committee.



LEADER OF THE DELEGATION TO CAIRO TO SOLVE FINANCIAL DIFFERENCES: SIR DENIS RICKETT.
The leader of the British delegation to Cairo, Sir Denis Rickett arrived in Cairo on January 11. The British and Egyptian delegations hope to find a settlement of Anglo-Egyptian financial differences. Preparations for this talk were made by Mr. Eugene Black, President of the World Bank, and the Egyptian Government. There is high hope of an agreement.

PRIZE CANARY AND PRIZE DIAMONDS: A YEARLY CAKE AND A NEW HOSTEL.



AT OLYMPIA, LONDON, THE PRIZE-WINNING BIRD IN THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CAGE BIRDS AND AQUARIA: A SISKIN CANARY HYBRID, *SNOWY*. The fifteenth National Exhibition of Cage Birds and Aquaria opened at Olympia on January 8. Exotic birds included zosterops, a twelve-wired bird of paradise and a sackapooloo. Budgerigars are most popular, but canaries are "coming back."



THE CAST OF "MY FAIR LADY" CUTS THE TRADITIONAL "TWELFTH NIGHT" CAKE AT THE DRURY LANE THEATRE ON JANUARY 6. THE CEREMONY HAS BEEN OBSERVED FOR 164 YEARS. For 164 years this ceremony has been observed at the Drury Lane Theatre. It commemorates Robert Baddeley, pastry-cook turned actor, who left £100 for this yearly observance. Here Mr. Austin Melford is helped by Miss Julie Andrews. With the buttonhole is Mr. Stanley Holloway.



THE KING GEORGE VI MEMORIAL YOUTH HOSTEL AT HOLLAND PARK, WHICH THE QUEEN IS TO INAUGURATE ON MAY 25, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. The King George VI Memorial Youth Hostel at Holland Park, London, is now nearing completion, and will be inaugurated by H.M. The Queen on May 25, accompanied by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh. Part of the hostel is the restored East Wing of Holland House.



THE RESTORED EAST WING OF HOLLAND HOUSE, THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE NEW YOUTH HOSTEL TO BE INAUGURATED BY THE QUEEN.



THE PROBLEM OF SAFEGUARDING £4,000,000 OF DIAMONDS: SECURITY GUARDS AT CHRISTIE'S WATCH PEOPLE SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK AT "THE AGELESS DIAMOND" EXHIBITION.



VISITORS GAZE AT THE MOST VALUABLE EXHIBITION OF DIAMONDS EVER DISPLAYED. AMONG THE MANY UNIQUE JEWELS ARE SEVERAL LENT BY THE QUEEN. Security guards at Christie's have the job of keeping watch on some of the most valuable jewels in the world, during the Exhibition "The Ageless Diamond," now on view until January 28. Among many outstanding exhibits are two parts of the huge Cullinan diamond, lent by H.M. The Queen. (See also facing page.)

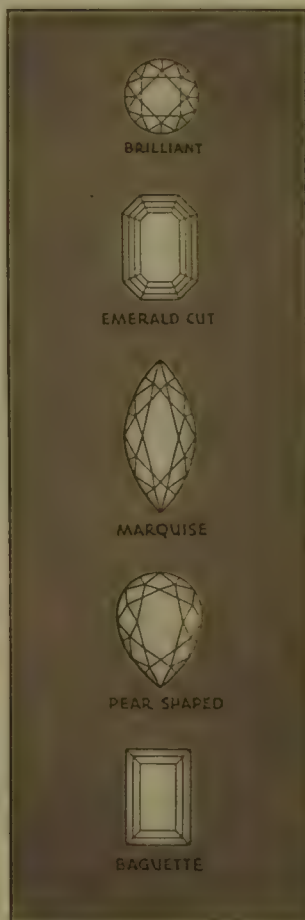
"THE AGELESS DIAMOND"; A CHARITY EXHIBITION OF PRICELESS JEWELLERY AT CHRISTIE'S.

(Right.)
THE DIAMOND "STRAWBERRY LEAF"
TIARA. THE LARGE DIAMOND IN THE
CENTRE AND THE OTHER EIGHT PRINCIPAL
STONES COME FROM A SWORD GIVEN
BY GEORGE IV TO THE DUKE OF NORTH-
UMBERLAND: ONE OF THE MANY OUT-
STANDING PIECES OF JEWELLERY IN
THE EXHIBITION.

(Lent by His Grace the Duke of Northumber-
land.)



A DIAMOND CORSAGE ORNAMENT IN THREE TIERS. EACH IS COMPOSED OF A
DIAMOND FLOWER CENTRE, SURROUNDING STAMENS AND ROSE-BUD SPRAYS.
(Lent by the Most Honourable the Marchioness of Londonderry.)



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AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH DIAMOND BROOCH. THE SIX PEAR-
SHAPED DIAMOND BUDS BELONGED TO QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE. A UNIQUE
EXHIBIT AT CHRISTIE'S. (Lent by Mrs. Paul Wallraf.)



A DIAMOND TIARA. THE CENTRAL SPRAY OF FLOWERS CONSISTS OF HEART-
SHAPED STONES. TWENTY-THREE CIRCULAR-CUT DIAMONDS SURMOUNT THE
DESIGN. ANOTHER OF THE WONDERFUL EXHIBITS.

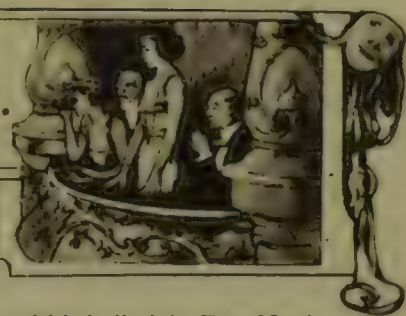
THE exhibition "The Age-
less Diamond," open at
Christie's until January 28, is
of special interest because
Her Majesty the Queen has
graciously lent some of her finest
personal jewellery (see our issue
of December 27, 1958). But
apart from these almost legend-
ary exhibits, many less fabulous
but no less beautiful jewels are
on view. The organisers have
also devoted space to the history
and cutting of the diamond and
to its use in industry. The con-
cise and informative catalogue
devotes some pages and photo-
graphs to these aspects of the
subject. One of the diagrams
(reproduced here) shows the
standard shapes into which the
stones are cut, while next to it
is a page on the irresistibly
romantic theme, historic dia-
monds. Among some famous
stones are listed: CULLINAN,
originally 3025½ carats, from
South Africa, by far the largest
ever discovered. Two stones cut
from it are in the exhibition;
JONKER, 726 carats, from South
Africa; JUBILEE, 650.6 carats,
from South Africa; TIFFANY, of
unknown weight, from South
Africa; KOH-I-NOOR, of un-
known weight, from India;
HOPE, from India. The proceeds
will go to charity.



A NECKLACE OF SIXTY LARGE STONES. IN THE CENTRE IS THE "EUREKA"
DIAMOND, ONE OF THE FIRST TO BE FOUND IN SOUTH AFRICA.
(The latter lent by Peter Locan, Esq.)



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



DURING THE INTERVAL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE said before on this page, though not for some time, that intervals in the theatre do not charm me. Thus it was with a flash of delight, when listening to "Macbeth" recently, that I realised—and how strange it is that these things can escape one for so long—that Macduff had felt much the same. "Cut short all intermission," he declared; and one playgoer has since noted with pleasure that the Arts, in staging Anouilh's "Traveller Without Luggage," proposes to cut short all intermission and to let the piece run right on.

True, there will be a short play to precede it—a return to the double bill is much less of a shock in these days than it was a decade ago—but the interval on such an occasion as this is different from that fierce slash across a play's centre that has long been a ruinous theatrical necessity. (Two slashes, in fact.) We know, on good authority, that a pomegranate, if cut deep down the middle, shows a heart within blood-tinctured of a veined humanity. But my own heart turns to stone when a dramatist's work is slashed down the middle often for no purpose at all. If there has to be an elaborate scenic alteration or a wholesale change of costume, all right; but what have some of us not said when a programme-note describes the action as "continuous," and the curtain rises, after a ten-minute break, on the characters just as we left them? There they are, stiffened a little self-consciously like people in one of those tableaux that used to pad out any classical revival.

Still, except on very rare occasions, the interval is standard. I bow yet to the memory of that summer night, more than a decade ago, when John Harrison insisted that we should hear the unfamiliar "Pericles" unbroken. It was a test, but worth it. Let me say at once that I am not going to take King Charles's Head on a prolonged airing. I write this during the annual break in London theatre productions. Two are looming pleasantly, and I can discuss them next week. But, for the moment, here we are with the lights up, sitting in front of the curtain and talking the desultory interval talk. We touch, perhaps, on Alec Guinness, and applaud—with enthusiasm anything but desultory—the news of his knighthood. In the theatre we may have a wistful feeling that Guinness belongs now as much to the cinema as he does to us. Though it is an excitement when, as in "The Prisoner" or "Hotel Paradiso"—there is range enough—he does come back, it happens too seldom.

I find myself recalling the young Guinness—Reynaldo and Osric to Olivier's Old Vic Hamlet, Guthrie-produced; the leap to his own modern-dress Hamlet (also a Guthrie night); a horrifying portrait of a trapped cynic in "Vicious Circle" (*Huis Clos*); and two extraordinary years for the Old Vic at the New Theatre. From that chain of parts I can remember especially Menenius Agrippa in "Coriolanus," one of those performances to be hugged in recollection and brought out as one shows some treasure to a friend. I wrote at the time:

He was not a natural choice for the humorous patrician... one that loves "a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in it." But he is the subtlest, most delicate of players. His speech reminds you of at once a crystal and "a very opal." In this part, as ever, he has hidden his personality. Note his walk; mark the heartbreak in his voice when he leaves the inflexible presence in the Volscian camp. "A noble fellow, I warrant you," says one of the guards. Noble indeed—and not played as a "character," mouthing and rubious. At the première, when he stepped upon the stage of the New, Guinness merely was Menenius Agrippa: and there an end.

One thought of this again when Tyrone Guthrie, describing the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, Ontario, the other night, was giving the most zestful televised talk I remember: it made me

regret, as so often, that our peripatetic director is not anchored for a while to a British stage that needs him desperately. In some of his early productions at Stratford, Ontario—and here is the link—he had Guinness with him as Richard the Third and, superb casting, the valetudinarian King of France in a modern-dress "All's Well That Ends Well." Rumours inevitably flit round during an interval. During this one the names of "All's Well," Guthrie, Dame Edith Evans (what a part, by the way, is that Shakespearian *grande*



JAN HOLDEN, WHO TOOK OVER IN DECEMBER FROM BARBARA MURRAY AS ISOLDE POOLE IN "THE TUNNEL OF LOVE," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

in a restaurant within hail of the Pont Neuf, and a detailed record of the first six holes of a golf match, stroke by stroke. (Each performance was wholly out of keeping with the mood of the play.) I think now of the Test Match because the most ardent collector of cricket records I know has just asked me how the game has fared on the stage. Not too well, though Sherriff's "Badger's Green," set not very far from Hambledon, is a good memory. This is the play with the stage direction: "A Fielder has crept into view, gazing intently into the sky, his hands stretched up with open palms.... The ball comes hurtling down into the Fielder's hands—and bounces out. There is a shriek of delight and laughter, cheers, and one or two catcalls." Nobody, I hope, has forgotten "A Bit of a Test" by the high master of English farce, Ben Travers. It was the one with Robertson Hare and Ralph Lynn as cricket stars in Australia, kidnapped by bushrangers—very funny indeed, though (as Travers himself has told us cheerfully) Australia was shocked.

Rattigan wrote a useful television play, "The Final Test." But the game has not been a theatrical matter, even if I seem to remember Gladys Cooper clutching a cricket ball in a light comedy, and only a few weeks back—in an atmospheric piece, "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl"—a mention of cricket on the stage of the unlikely theatre in London to foster it. I will not be tempted now to go on to football: "Shooting Star," let us say, or the first act of "The Silver Tassie" with Charles Laughton's Harry Heegan—which reminds me that rumour, during this interval, has been active with talk of a Laughton Lear. Sir Alan Herbert, to our acute satisfaction, has provided a theatrical gallery of sporting prints. Among these was a boxing scene (from "Tough at the Top"). But in boxing my heart is always with "The Admirable Bashville" and its famous lines ("Dread monarch; this is called the upper cut") in which a prize-fighter knocks out his man in blank verse as neatly as Cyrano de Bergerac pinks his opponent during a ballade.

It grieved me that Laughton's Cyrano never took the screen or the stage. Few passages are sharper than that in which the late Humbert Wolfe, when preparing a film script, described how Laughton, "by means of some incantation," let sixteenth-century France into his quiet room in a London square:

He would, for example, be working on the ballade in Act One. He acted it first in French. Up went his left hand, out lunged his right, and as he shrugged his shoulders up I would hear the shiver of steel on steel. As he spoke he fenced, his eyes never leaving his opponent's face, and I became aware that, as Rostand had written it, not a line but might have been dictated by a *maître d'armes*. And when with the final stroke he cried, with the ringing challenge of the Gallic cock, conjuring up the sun, *A la fin d'envoi je touche*, if you had eyes in your head, you could see the little stain of red on the rapier's point.

That reminds me that Guthrie once directed "Cyrano" for the Old Vic (with Guinness, I think as De Guiche). And now the interval draws to an end; we are back in our seats, and we must

dismiss the whirl of thoughts in our mind—the interval whirl so pardonable during one week in the fifty-two—and get back to the business of the year. As lights fade and the curtain quivers, I hope that the rumour about a Laughton Lear may be correct. Did not Wolfe say that, to this actor, a great play is "a source of lovely terror"?

One point while the curtain rises: "King Lear" is among the few plays I could never endure without an interval, simply because, after thirty performances or more, I cannot face the blinding of Gloucester. No "lovely terror" here. Lilian Baylis, I think, was right to arrange that the second half of any Old Vic revival should begin with this scene, so that those who wished to avoid it could do so tactfully.



LOUISE (MARIAN SPENCER) AND CLIVE (BRIAN BEDFORD) IN A SCENE FROM "FIVE FINGER EXERCISE," WHICH HAS BEEN AT THE COMEDY THEATRE SINCE JULY. MARIAN SPENCER SUCCEEDED ADRIANNE ALLEN IN THIS PART—WHICH SHE WILL PLAY, UNTIL MISS ALLEN'S RETURN—ON DECEMBER 22.

dame, the Countess of Rousillon!), Stratford-upon-Avon, "Coriolanus," Sir Laurence Olivier, and much else, have been circling busily. We may, or may not, hear more.

Certainly, by the time this appears, we shall have heard the result of the third Test Match. If anyone asks me what that has to do with the theatre, I reply that some of us, during an interval, like to talk about anything but the theatre. I recall a superbly irrelevant dissertation upon the cooking

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE ROSE TATTOO" (New Theatre).—Sam Wanamaker's production of the play by Tennessee Williams. (January 15.)

CEREMONIAL MILITARY PARADES; AND OTHER NEWS FROM LAND, SEA AND AIR.



THE UNSUCCESSFUL CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP LAST YEAR, *SCEPTRE*, BEING REPLANKED AT CAMPER AND NICHOLSON'S YARD AT SOUTHAMPTON, BEFORE SALE. HER PROPOSED SALE WAS ADVERTISED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR.



THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC *LIGHTNING*, THE R.A.F. ALL-WEATHER JET-FIGHTER, WHICH HAS RECENTLY FLOWN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS AT 1280 M.P.H., OR ABOUT TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND.



THE DANISH BOY RENE IVERSEN WITH ONE OF THE TWO LOST DRUMS OF THE WILTSHIRE REGIMENT, WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND IN THE EVACUATION OF DUNKIRK.

Two tenor drums belonging to the old 2nd Bn. The Wiltshire Regt., which were left behind at Dunkirk, have recently been returned to the regiment, one by a Dane, whose now deceased father found it, the other by a Mr. Pugh, who located it in a French café. Both were paraded at Devizes on January 7.



THE NEW FUSILIERS BRIGADE BADGE, HERE WORN WITH THE ROYAL FUSILIERS' HACKLE, SEEN AFTER A BADGE REPLACEMENT CEREMONY AT THE TOWER OF LONDON ON JANUARY 7.

On January 7, at the Tower of London, the Royal Fusiliers were issued with their new Brigade cap badge at a specially devised ceremony. They and The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and The Lancashire Fusiliers now wear the Fusiliers Brigade cap badge, with differently coloured hackles, white for The Royal Fusiliers, yellow for The Lancashire Fusiliers and red and white for The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.



MR. R. BEAMONT, CHIEF TEST PILOT OF THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY, WITH A MODEL OF THE *LIGHTNING* AIRCRAFT IN WHICH HE HAS FLOWN AT MACH 2.

It was disclosed on January 6 that the English Electric *Lightning* had several times achieved the speed of Mach 2 (twice sonic speed)—about 1280 m.p.h. at 40,000 ft. in the conditions of the day—a feat which makes it the fastest twin-engined all-weather fighter in full production in the world.



AT THE REGIMENTAL DEPOT AT DEVIZES: THE MARCH-PAST OF THE RETURNED DRUMS OF THE 2ND BATTALION. BY THE FLAG-POST, MR. RENE IVERSEN, WHO RETURNED ONE.



AT THE ROYAL FUSILIERS' NEW BADGE PARADE AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: THE BLESSING OF THE BADGES BY CHAPLAIN OF THE FORCES, THE REV. J. GWINNETT.

A ROYAL VICTORY; INVENTIONS AND A DEMOLITION IN ENGLAND.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA LOOKS AT A MODEL OF THE SEASLUG GUIDED MISSILE AT THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOLBOYS' EXHIBITION.

Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma opened the Royal Naval Schoolboys' Exhibition at the Exhibition Hall, Selfridges, London, on January 7. Among the many exhibits he took particular interest in an ingenious model, with cotton-wool exhaust, of the *Seaslug* guided missile.



A VICTORY FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER: SHE LOOKS ON AS HER HORSE SPARKLING KNIGHT IS BROUGHT IN AFTER WINNING THE TOLWORTH STEEPLECHASE.

The Queen Mother saw two of her horses win at Hurst Park on January 8 under top weight. *Double Star*, ridden by A. Freeman, made two mistakes but still won the Star and Garter race easily. Also ridden by Freeman, *Sparkling Knight* won narrowly.



THE LARGEST HOT-METAL MIXER CAR IN THE COUNTRY: THE LADLE, SEEN LEAVING THE WORKS, IS ELECTRICALLY TIPPED. LOADED, IT WEIGHS 380 TONS.

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THE FAIREY ROTODYNE, VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING AIRLINER, WHICH ESTABLISHED A RECORD SPEED FOR THIS TYPE OF AIRCRAFT ON JANUARY 5—190.9 M.P.H.

The Fairey *Rotodyne* has set up an unusual speed record of 190.9 m.p.h. for vertical take-off and landing aircraft. The speed justifies the manufacturers' claim made to airlines. B.E.A. have provisionally ordered six, designed for shorter cross-Channel routes.



PERHAPS THE BIGGEST SLUICE IN EUROPE, UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT KING'S LYNN: PART OF THE GREAT OUSE FLOOD PROTECTION SCHEME. IT WILL COST £15 MILLIONS.

In 1947 disastrous fresh-water floods spilt over the Fen country from the Great Ouse River. To prevent a repetition of this the Great Ouse Flood Protection Scheme is spending £8 million. This new sluice is the largest single item. It is the tail-sluice of a relief channel near the river.



YEOMAN'S ROW, "THE LAST GLIMPSE OF A VILLAGE" IN LONDON: THE SUBJECT OF A SUCCESSFUL APPEAL IN 1938, NOW FINALLY DOOMED TO BE DEMOLISHED.

Yeoman's Row, consisting of nine Georgian houses off the Brompton Road in London, is to be demolished this year and replaced by nine neo-Georgian houses. All appeals to save this cul-de-sac have failed. Private offers have been made to purchase and restore them.



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CATHERINE MORLAND, as you will remember, was not fond of history. "I read it a little as a duty," she said, "but it tells me nothing that does not either vex or weary me. The quarrels of popes and kings, with wars or pestilences, in every page; the men all so good-for-nothing, and hardly any women at all—it is very tiresome." I confess to some such feeling about the Polynesians. As in Miss Morland's history-books, the men—at least the Englishmen, who are known as "poor whites"—are all good-for-nothing, and although there seem to be a great many women, their accomplishments resolve themselves into two, of which dancing in a grass skirt is one. This becomes tedious. But I challenge any reader, whatever his particular allergy, to find a page of tedium in Mr. Thor Heyerdahl's *Aku-Aku*. Mr. Heyerdahl is, of course—as the gossip-writers used to say—the author of "The Kon-Tiki Expedition" and I am not at all sure that his new book is not better. It is certainly quite as good. On this occasion, Mr. Heyerdahl's mode of transport was more orthodox, and his company more numerous. He travelled in a converted Greenland trawler to Easter Island, on an archaeological expedition. (At this point I remind myself that the Easter Islanders may very well not be Polynesians, in the strict sense of the word. Never mind: they live in the Pacific.) But Easter Island is unique in being covered with enormous stone statues, and until Mr. Heyerdahl made his expedition, no one knew who had carved them, or how they could have been transported and erected at their present sites. I hope that many readers will share with me the sense of tremendous excitement with which the author relates his discoveries. But I will tell you what an *aku-aku* is. It is a spirit, either guardian or malignant, of greater or less power. Mr. Heyerdahl starts by assuring us that he has not got an *aku-aku*, but I believe that he has. It is a spirit which endows him with real literary ability, and he uses it to describe real adventures and really sound archaeological work.

I do not care for novels about the war. The true story of heroism, yes; the historical record of a well-fought campaign, yes; but the soldier of fiction, no. He has cropped up far too often since 1945, and it is time that he collected a little dust on some unobtrusive shelf. This week I have read two such novels which seem to me to be worth mentioning, because they form such a peculiar contrast. The first is a book called *OF LESSER RENOWN*, by Laurie Andrews, a story of jungle warfare on the Arakan front. It contains all the stock characters: the Intellectual Rat, who shoots off his own foot; the Splendid N.C.O., who leads his small draft to safety; the Cruel Japanese, who crucify people; the Selfish Weakling, who hoards food, threatens his comrades, and has to be shot; and the Ordinary Decent Chap, rather frightened and rather "wet behind the ears," who makes good. (Yes, the book ends like this: "Private Fane had rejoined his unit. Clem Fane was back with the gang. Clement Fane was a man.") But with all these defects, the book is as honest and convincing as daylight. Contrast this with a bizarre tale called *THE PISTOL*, by James Jones. Mr. Jones is the author of the much-praised "From Here to Eternity," which I have not read. Here he presents us with a nineteen-year-old American private, who is wearing an "issue" pistol when the bombs first drop on Pearl Harbour. This pistol—which he retains, contrary to the regulations—becomes to him a symbol of effective self-defence and survival. All right. I can put up with a little elementary

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

Freud, if I must. But when Mr. Jones goes on to tell me that all the members of this private's unit become infected with the same complex, so that they spend night and day trying to get the pistol off him by theft, treachery, fighting, sneaking to N.C.O.s, and whatnot—then I am afraid that I cannot contain my hilarity.

Having had enough of neurotic American soldiery, I turned to Mr. Harry J. Greenwall's *NORTHCLIFFE*. (It is true that Lord Northcliffe went mad before he died, but he had very little time to go maundering about with pistols.) This is home ground for me, as it will be for many of my colleagues and friends in Fleet Street. The man is still a legend. He infected all those who worked for him with something of his own personality. I remember the late Tom Clarke, former editor of the *News Chronicle* and author of "My Northcliffe Diary," sitting at his editorial desk in Bouverie Street and rapping out instructions in a (quite unconscious) imitation of his late master's voice. It is hard to say whether

inconsequent book, full of amusing anecdotes and pleasant disquisitions, illustrated with his own sketches. He knows the people well, and likes them—although in his attitude to *l'amour* he is, I think, more typically French than Spanish. It nearly got him into trouble.

As to *KISS THE WORLD GOODBYE*, a novel by Evelyn Herbert, I am afraid that here we have another collection of stock characters: Timid English Spinster, escaping from a drab home life to sunny Italy; Wicked Italian Peasants on the make; Convent Girl experiencing Fierce Passion. The first marries one of the second, and makes way (by suicide) for him to marry the third. I dare say it's all right in its way, but it's not my *tazza di te*.

Nor, if it comes to that, are the works of Mr. Dornford Yates; but here I know that I run the risk of being expelled from all my clubs, and stand no chance whatever of sending my sons, should I have wished to do so, to Harrow! The best appreciation of Sapper, Buchan and Dornford Yates was written by my friend Mr. Richard Osborne, and those who share his enjoyment will be glad to know that *B-BERRY AND I LOOK BACK* is available for their delectation.

It is clear that I am in a captious mood. "Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither." Miss Katharine Sim has written *THE MOON AT MY FEET*, an idyll between a married Englishwoman and a young Malay. For once, the blurb exactly describes the book—"tender and perceptive"; "exotic Malayan background"; "how could such a love be permanent? and yet how could it possibly have been denied?"—and I cannot possibly say fairer than that. As to Mr. Randolph Stow's *TO THE ISLANDS*, could there be anything more tedious than the old head of an Australian mission-station—an Elijah who has lost all faith in prophecy—rambling mystically, and at great inconvenience, about the bush? I am sorry to hurt Mr. Stow's feeling—he writes well—but the too self-consciously "powerful" novelist merely wraps a wisp of tiger-skin round his loins and puts on a professional strong-man act. Leaving fiction for fact, I took up a couple of books by Francis X. Busch, *ENEMIES OF THE STATE* and *PRISONERS AT THE BAR*—which are, as I see it, too highly priced at 30s. each. Yet the books are good. They retell the story of notable American trials—the Rosenbergs, Sacco and Vanzetti, Loeb and Leopold, and so on—and make an objective job of it. But I find the atmosphere of the American courtroom noisy, oppressive, and more than a little undignified.

Finally, like the child who keeps the ripest plum to the last, I read Professor Butterfield's *GEORGE III AND THE HISTORIANS*, and a plum it proved to be. It is not an easy book for those unacquainted with the period. The author is not writing a piece of straightforward history, with an assessment at the end of the merits and demerits of that unfortunate monarch, but an analysis of the way in which the evidence has been treated by historians. Here is something to put the High Tables in a flutter: "It is even true that, in History if not in Nature, one can be too scientific, or rather one can be so mechanically scientific as to defeat the purposes of science itself. That is why sometimes the smell of a contemporary statesman who possesses a good nose may give the later historian something more significant than he will gain by the counting of heads." But High Tables are there to be fluttered. You and I can take delight in a great craftsman discussing his craft.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Aku-Aku, by Thor Heyerdahl. (Allen and Unwin; 21s.)
OF LESSER RENOWN, by Laurie Andrews. (Cassell; 15s.)
THE PISTOL, by James Jones. (Collins; 12s. 6d.)
NORTHCLIFFE, by Harry J. Greenwall. (Wingate; 21s.)
GOYA AND GUITARS, by André Villeboeuf. (Elek; 21s.)
KISS THE WORLD GOODBYE, by Evelyn Herbert. (Jarrolds; 13s. 6d.)
B-BERRY AND I LOOK BACK, by Dornford Yates. (Ward Lock; 15s.)
THE MOON AT MY FEET, by Katharine Sim. (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.)
TO THE ISLANDS, by Randolph Stow. (Macdonald; 13s. 6d.)
ENEMIES OF THE STATE, by Francis X. Busch. (Arco; 30s.)
PRISONERS AT THE BAR, by Francis X. Busch. (Arco; 30s.)
GEORGE III AND THE HISTORIANS, by Herbert Butterfield. (Collins; 21s.)

Mr. Greenwall has added much to our knowledge of so enigmatic a figure. He himself is disarmingly modest about the scope of his book, which he calls "purely and simply a record." It is certainly a good deal more than that. Nor should I describe it as anti-Northcliffe, although the plain facts of the Fleet Street Napoleon's dealings with Marshall Hall will not do his reputation much good. Does it, in fact, matter, at this time of day, whether Northcliffe was occasionally vindictive, impetuous, ruthless, or even plainly at fault in some of his judgments? Men who aspire to play Napoleon—and, on their own chosen battlefields, succeed—can hardly be expected to manifest the gentler and the more amiable of the virtues.

Northcliffe was hardly a restful personality, and since I had been reading Mr. Greenwall's book during the doldrums between Christmas and New Year, I thought I would try something a little less disturbing to the mental digestion. M. André Villeboeuf, the author of *GOYA AND GUITARS*, is a gay, sophisticated French artist, rambling through Spain and taking things and people as he finds them. He has written an

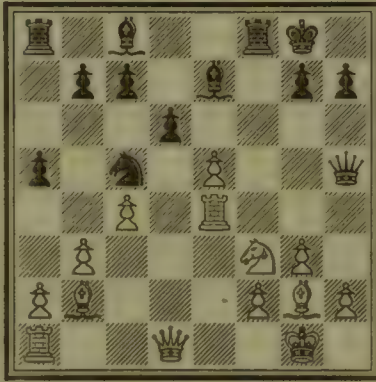
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE are two games from the fourth round at Hastings this year which exemplify the efficiency which had then taken the two Germans, Darga (West) and Uhlmann (East), into the lead on completed games:

K. DARGA	M. RADOICIC	K. DARGA	M. RADOICIC
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	P-KB4	14. P×P	Kt-B4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	15. P×P	B×P
3. P-KKt3	P-K3	16. Q-Q4	Q-Kt3
4. B-Kt2	B-K2	17. Kt-K5	Q-Kt4
5. Castles	Castles	18. P-KR4	Q-B3
6. Kt-B3	P-Q3	19. R-B4	Q-K2
7. P-Q4	Q-K1	20. R×Rch	Q×R
8. P-Kt3	P-QR4	21. B-Q5ch	B-K3
9. B-Kt2	Q-R4	22. Kt-Q7!	Q-K2
10. R-K1	Kt-R3	23. Kt×Kt	B×Kt
11. P-K4	Kt×P	24. B×Bch	K-R1
12. Kt×Kt	P×Kt	25. Q-Q7	Q-B1
13. R×P	P-K4	26. B-Q4	Resigns

Black should have played 13. . . . B-Q2, followed by . . . R-B2 and . . . QR-B1, when he would have had at least equality. 13. . . . P-K4 was rather wild, 13. . . . Kt-B4 wilder.



Position after 14. . . . Kt-B4.

Darga would have answered 15. . . . Kt×R by 16. P×B, forcing 16. . . . R-Kt, and then 17. Kt-K5! Q×Q; 18. R×Q, Kt-B3 (not 18. . . . R×P? 19. R-Q8 mating, or 18. . . . B-B4? 19. P-KKt4); 19. R-Q8 (threatening 20. B-Q5ch), B-K3; 20. R×QR, R×R; 21. B×P with a won game, as the seventh-rank pawn can be defended by B-QR3 at need.

The final combination (22. Kt-Q7!) is pretty. Black's queen is over-burdened: cannot protect both bishops at once. 22. Q×Kt is playable, but would, it seems, only lead to perpetual check.

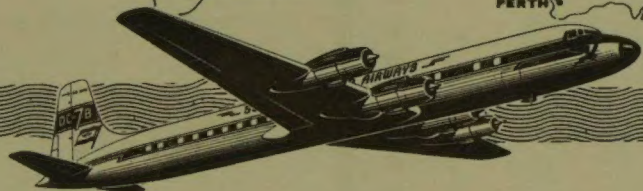
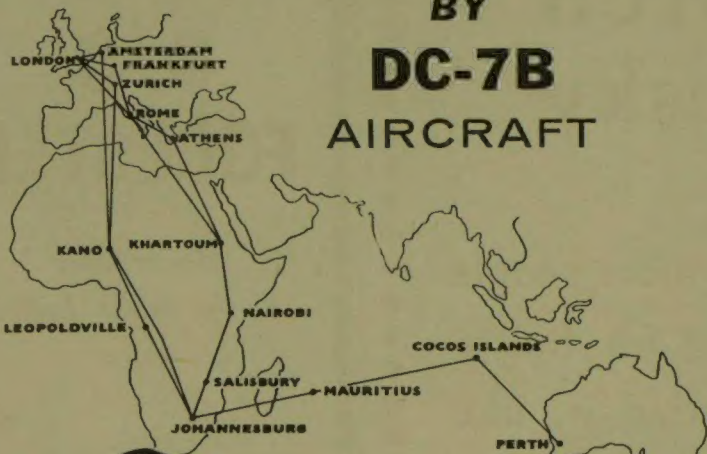
W. UHLMANN R. G. WADE W. UHLMANN R. G. WADE

White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	9. P×Kt	P×Kt
2. P-QB4	P×P	10. Q-K2ch	K-Q2
3. Kt-KB3	P-QB4	11. B-B4	Q-R4
4. P-Q5	Kt-KB3	12. R-Q1ch	Kt-Q5
5. Kt-B3	P-K3	13. B-QKt5ch	Q×B
6. P-K4	P×P	14. Q×Qch	K-K3
7. P-K5	P-Q5	15. Kt×Kt	P×Kt
8. B×P	Kt-B3	16. R×P	Resigns

Wade was outplayed in the opening (the Queen's Gambit Accepted), which he selected himself, and in the variation—the one begun by 3. . . . P-QB4. On move nine the game was over! He could have resigned on move thirteen or allowed Uhlmann to mate him by 13. . . . K-Q1; 14. Q-K8; but perhaps thought resigning on move sixteen might not look so bad in the news reports as being mated on move thirteen!

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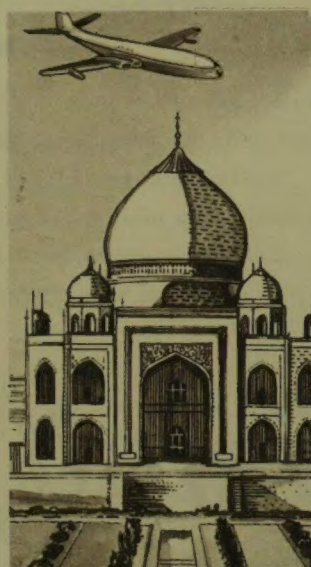
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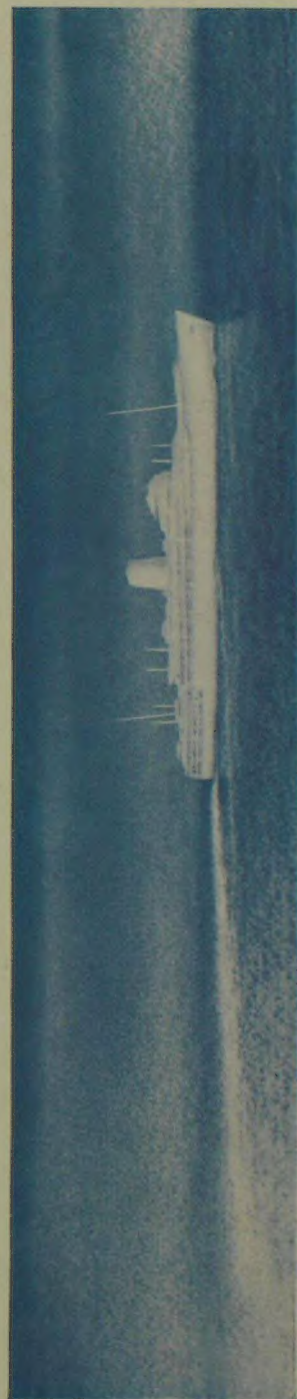
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